

Vol. XI--No. 27

St. Louis, Thursday, August 15, 1901


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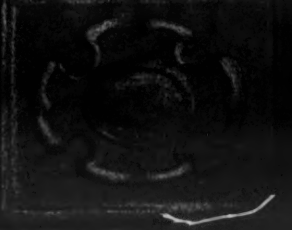
THE MIRROR



A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE



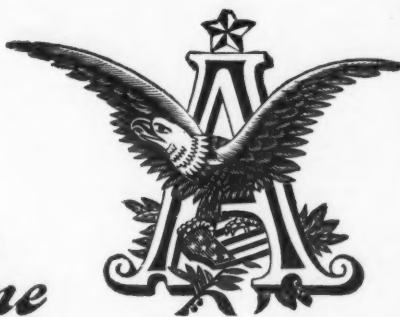
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VOL. 11—No. 27.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1901.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

206-209 OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches, Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: { A. LENALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

GOING away for the summer? Have the MIRROR sent after you. However much you may flit, the address will be changed as often as this office is notified.

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THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE July issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS, devoted to a criticism of Mr. Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Berengrac" and "The Devil's Disciple" is almost exhausted, there having been a quite unexpected demand for it among collectors of stage literature all over the country. There are a few copies left and those who would secure the pamphlet would do well to supply themselves as

soon as possible, as the MIRROR PAMPHLETS are never reprinted.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

MAKERS OF THE FAIR.

THIRD ARTICLE.

SIMPLY to make clear that criticism is not necessarily condemnation this article will start off with the assertion that in the matter of securing an agent in the Orient, a representation of influence in South America, a Director of Fine Arts, all very important positions, the makers of the Fair have done the best that was possible for the enterprise. Mr. John Barrett knows the East and can negotiate results there if anyone can. Mr. Buchanan, having been Director-General of the Pan American Exposition, will be effective in developing interest in South America, whither he goes as the representative both of the Fair and a great insurance company. Mr. Halsey C. Ives was the head of the Fine Arts department at Chicago and he has the experience both of art and expositions that will be very useful in gathering such a collection of painting and sculpture as will strongly impress the world when it comes here, in 1903, or later. If the quality of ability and the assured fitness of these appointments are an earnest of those to follow we may rest assured that the Fair will be a tremendous success in every detail.

But as time goes by and the work takes shape there is a more poignant need of a Director General to co-ordinate the work of even the most excellent appointees. The managers of the Fair are, apparently, as far from a selection for this important post as they were a month ago. The men they wanted they couldn't get and the men who have been seeking the place are not, generally speaking, men whose qualifications are freely admitted by others than themselves. There has been a desire to have a St. Louis man for this place, although the makers of the Fair know that they can't afford to sacrifice the possibilities of a great world-success to the demands of local pride. If Mr. Howard Elliott, general manager of the Burlington, had acceded to the representations and wishes of his friends, he might have been chosen, but Mr. Elliott is modest beyond all imagining and is content to remain in the Executive Committee and work in the ranks. Mr. Corwin Spencer was suggested at one time for the place, but Mr. Spencer was quick to see that a genius for guessing the course of corn or of stocks was not the genius of the organizer and developed a modesty as great almost as Mr. Elliott's. Mr. John Scullin's promptness in shutting off the discussion of his name for the place was characteristically vigorous. From the writer's information as to the manner in which character has developed in the meetings of the inner council,—and it is of the most trustworthy sort—it appears that one of the gentlemen who has come to the front with surprising ideas and good ones, and has shown a catholic appreciation of the scope of the Fair, is Mr. Charles W. Knapp. Mr. Knapp is a bigger man than his paper, the *Republic*, shows him. In his paper he is bound and hampered by a tradition that reaches back to 1808, but in the work of the Fair he has been well characterized as a treasury of excellent suggestion. Another member of the Executive Committee, who has shown that he is both broad and deep and acute, is James Campbell. Mr. Campbell pushes things. He calls for facts. His voice is always against mere conversation and for action. He brings things to a head, checking up the ora-

tors. This isn't pleasant for the men who talk on and on and try to masticate a dozen things at once, but it advances matters. When something is up that he doesn't claim to understand, something outside the scope of his experience or study, Mr. Campbell is always for calling in the man who has that for a specialty. He has a faculty for "bunching" good points from various sides and compelling them into a forward suggestion. It is noticeable that when Mr. Campbell sums up all he has heard and thought and puts it into never more than twenty-five words, the result is usually a motion, a vote and decision. His contributions to the work of the committee are never speculative, always eliminative of the vaporous and abstract, forcibly constructive, fictile of the concrete. It is pretty plain that in the deliberations of the Executive Committee thus far, James Campbell has developed as the strong man whose eminent practicality and grasp of immediate essentials are as sure and strong and convincing as those of the grim, red joss, Mr. W. H. Thompson himself. A little "shy" on æsthetics, perhaps, not sure of his ground when called upon to act with regard to things for which he has had no training in his career, he is nevertheless a focusing force, gathering the loose ends of discussion and making of them a tow-line to pull propositions to a finality of determination. Mr. Campbell has been suggested for Director-General, but his appreciation of his own limitations precludes his acceptance, although it must be said that as a specimen business man, who has had no time to become a dilettante or amateur of the higher elegancies, he is not altogether void of the sympathies that go with culture. Mr. Campbell will be found very soon to be one of the dominant few in the enterprise, not brilliant or frothy but steadily and hard-headedly discriminative both as to measures and men. This will be the case, and is so already, without most of his associates knowing it or observing its quiet accomplishment. Still, such abilities and others that may be taken up later as discovered by the progress of events, do not atone for the lack of the man the Fair needs—a man who must be a little of a poet and much of a business man, a man who can dream and decide which dreams can be realized, a man of many sides and a level head, a man who can find the men to do the things he thinks, a man with elements of popularity, with a ruthless will and a facility of appreciation as well as a felicity of performance. That's about the ideal for a Director General. Such a man, or as nearly such an one as possible, is wanted, wanted now, wanted badly. Who is he? Where is he?

If the Fair project had a Director General now, it is safe to say that the country at large would be more interested in the enterprise. What of the plans drawn and submitted by the commission of architects some weeks ago? The architects decided on the style of architecture of the Fair. They determined what they would do in the matter of color. They outlined the manner in which they would utilize the topography of the site. They presented drawings. They suggested important things in connection with the harmonization of the various structures proposed. All this work was submitted to the Executive Committee, but there it has stuck. If the work actually done had been given to the public, if cuts of the ground plan had been given to the press, if the architect-commission's views of its own functions and purposes had been published, the country would be discussing those tangibilities. The only tangible thing that the press has seized upon in connection with the Fair was the suggestion made by one architect, in the presence of some newspaper men, that the baths of Caracalla be reproduced. A hundred papers have taken up the idea, have told what the baths of Caracalla were, published pictures of the famous ruins. All this is advertising of the kind that tells. If the news of the ar-

The Mirror

REFLECTIONS.

chitects' doings had been given out, the country would be discussing it and criticizing it, all going to stimulate interest in the Fair. But the architects have not even been formally notified of their duties and compensation, though they asked that they be officially commissioned and instructed as to what was required of them. All of which shows up as sheer footlessness and scatter-mindedness in the management. The failure to tell what the architects decided and designed for the Fair was a failure to give the country proof that the work had begun with intent to complete it by May, 1903.

Of course it is easier to sit in an editorial office and find fault with World's Fair slowness, than it is to understand all that is really being done by those on the inside, but that being granted it may be said that the criticism directed at the defects in the matter of promoting Fair publicity is legitimate. There's nothing much in the sticking of posters or design on letters. The best publicity the Fair can get is in the line of interesting newspaper articles and illustrations. Such publicity the Fair is not receiving. The matter that finds its ways into the press is not interesting. It is machine-made. It is perfunctory and sometimes it is silly. It is the same in each St. Louis paper each day and in each instalment there are not a dozen lines that might be clipped and reproduced in other papers of the country. This is a glaring defect in the management of the enterprise and it is due to the fact that all the committee chairmen and committee members are muzzled. The World's Fair stuff that is presented is not entertaining in the least. The suggestions made public are not numerous and not very inspiring. The reporters are not allowed to print anything that is not approved by the management and the management doesn't always know an item when it sees it, while the newspapers do not even note the fact of the organization of large cement companies in this city, and couple it with the fact that the Fair management has discussed the advisability of "pouring" the buildings.

Take the Fair as the newspapers have presented it to us each morning and try to find out what has been done. The result is disappointing. What has been done? What idea does the press give of the Fair that is to be? Much may have been done of course, but the public doesn't know it. That is the point. Suppression of news is not a method of publicity. If the news is not suppressed, then nothing has been done. If the news is not given out how are the papers all over the country to keep the Fair before the people? Barring the few appointments referred to at the beginning of this article, the selection of the site, the denial of the injunction against the use of the site, what has there been given out that is worth the trouble of the Associated Press or any special correspondent to send out for publication elsewhere? The makers of the Fair can not make it by starving the press. And the odd thing about the starvation method is that it is followed by men who had the sense to select for secretary of the Fair the best all around newspaper man in the United States. The result is that the whole country smiles and says the Fair is slow, just as was to be expected of St. Louis.

What the makers of the Fair must learn is that they must interest the people through the press. They must tell what they are doing or what they are discussing. They must put forth facts the popular mind can take hold of and the popular tongue can wag about. They must stimulate the public imagination by giving it something to build upon. There is such a thing as too much dignity, too much of a superstition that the business of the Fair is that of a close corporation of big subscribers to the popular fund for the Fair. Let the people into the workings of the Fair. Take them into confidence. Show them there's something doing. Then the people will enthuse and there will be a thousand "boosters" for the Fair where there is now but one. If this be "knocking the Fair" the management may make the most of it. But it isn't "knocking." It is only a plea that the management recognize, somewhat more fully than it has so far, that the surest way to make the Fair a success is to enlist the interest and sympathy, by feeding the curiosity, of the multitudes.

W. M. R.

THE great steel strike, as it spreads, seems to be hurting the working classes rather than the capitalists. The workers appear to be striking their fellows harder than they are hitting their "oppressors." Each recurring big strike only shows that Trades Unionism is operating to the disadvantage of the laborer in every line. The demands of extreme Trades Unionism are becoming so ruthless that the unionists are losing sympathy. They deny the right of other men to earn a living. They dispute the authority of men over their own properties. They force the majority of their own members to strike when that majority wants to work. They clamor, in effect, for slavery, since they ask that employers deal not with employees as individuals, but with organizations that cannot be bound by contract, or held to accountability. A strike simply for recognition of a union is pure folly. Unionism is not a guarantee of a workman's ability. A man's unionism is not necessarily one of the qualifications for good service, and it very often is, in the case of the worse sort of workmen, a guarantee only of trouble of various sorts. Workingmen have an undoubted right to organize, but the employer does not hire an organization. He hires a man. Let Unionism go to its logical limit, and where will the workingman find himself? He will find himself hired out as one of a bunch, the deal being made between the employer and some union officer. He will be the creature of a sort of walking-delegate padrone, who will get from the employer for each man he furnishes more than he will give to the men furnished. Let employers deal with Unions, rather than with men, and we shall find, as has been found occasionally, that the union officer asked to supply men to an employer will give the places to the men who can put up for the privilege. Strikes do not raise wages. The time lost on strike is never made up, and the winning strikers rarely last long in the employ of those over whom they have triumphed. Nevertheless, a strike for wages may be, and often is, defensible, while a strike for recognition of Unionism is a strike for a recognition of something other than the individuality of the strikers. Unionism is being carried too far, when it proposes that employers shall be dictated to as to the management of their own affairs by men who do not work for them, by an organization, which, if "recognized" to-day, is not in any way to be kept to good faith to-morrow.

A New Platform

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, suggests a new platform for the Democratic party in 1904, the chief feature of which shall be that it shall contain no reference to the silver issue. He would favor a graduated income tax, war upon trusts and combinations and opposition to the colonial or imperial policy with regard to the country's new possessions. This is interesting. But what of the sort of imperialism that manifests itself in wholesale disfranchisement of negroes in the South, a policy that is generally indorsed by the Democracy? What has the Administration proposed to do to the Filipino that is worse than what Tillman and Gorman are doing to the negro? What is there in our new colonial policy that is as bad as our treatment of the American Indian? What of the rights of the Chinaman now excluded from the country? Liberty should be for all. Brown men in Luzon are no more entitled to liberty than black men in Maryland or South Carolina. The disfranchising Democracy may continue to shriek against the imperialistic policy, but it cannot hope to be taken seriously so long as its ideas of human rights are represented in wholesale disfranchisements and barbarous lynchings. If the white men must rule in one part of the globe, by virtue of his whiteness, he must rule in another. If black men are executed without trial it is difficult to see why the defenders of such executions can be made sick at heart by military government of brown men. The anti-imperialist cry, as it comes from the dominant element of the Democracy, will not amount to much. So

far as concerns relentless war upon the trusts and combines, we may rest assured that the Democratic party will find its guns spiked before the next campaign is on. The Republicans will do something in the way of reducing the protective tariff on trust products. The Republicans may not be thought to act in this matter in good faith, but then it may be said, with justice, that the great majority of the people are not inclined to believe that there is much sincere hostility to the trusts and combines among the elements that are working for a reorganization of the Democratic party. The rank and file of the Democracy believes that every one who fought the nominees and platforms of the party in 1896 and 1900 is, consciously or unconsciously, a tool of the money power, or, in other words, the trusts and combinations, and all professions by the reorganizers of a relentless war upon the trusts and combinations will simply be laughed at. The sort of enemies of trusts and combinations the Democratic organizers are, was shown in the manner in which some of the leading spirits among the reorganizers hobbled the Wilson Tariff bill. So far as an income tax is concerned, it is a reform that the Republicans could take up as well as the Democrats and they would probably do so. The trouble with all the new platforms for the Democracy that may be suggested is that the great masses of Democratic voters feel they are suggested with a view of not doing what they profess to intend to do. They believe that the men who want a new platform only want something that will prevent just the things they profess to wish to do. The greater number of the supporters of the last two platforms are convinced that those platforms were and are opposed solely because they would have smashed the money power. They regard all proposed substitutes as nothing but devices of alleged Democrats to perpetuate Republican conditions while pretending to oppose them. They feel that a reorganization and a new platform are traps to get votes and that the triumph of a new platform at the polls would net nothing beyond enabling the reorganizers to obtain control of the political offices. This being the case, the throwing overboard of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms and the repudiation of the chief exponent of those platforms by a reorganized party would only decrease the regular Democratic vote and increase the vote of the Populists and Socialists. If the reorganizers of the Democracy succeed in their work they will drive away most of the strength the party had in 1896 and 1900. If they do not succeed, there is no reason to believe that the spirit of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms will command any more support in 1904. There seems to be no possible chance for the Democracy to win in 1904, reorganized or not, barring the possibility of a panic. The country has no faith in the Democracy. It is afraid of the radicals. It distrusts the sincerity of the chief reorganizers who profess that they want to fight the criminals of capital while they are in fact, though covertly, just as strenuous defenders of the present general economic-political conditions as Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna himself. The need of the time is not so much a new platform for the Democracy as new men who will be deemed more faithful to the people than men like Hill, Gorman, Whitney and other reorganizers.

Regulation and Suppression.

THE New York police scandal is the same old scandal. The force has encouraged vice for a share in the profits. This is a thing that will always happen so long as attempts are made to strike a middle course between the extirpation of vice and a recognized regulation of it. Vice cannot be extirpated without abolishing human nature. It can be regulated. It would be better for the New York public if the vice of that city were legally taxed the sums paid monthly and illegally by the vicious for protection. The vice could be taxed even more and the money applied to public work. Our ultra-religious friends may say that to recognize vice openly would be a great scandal, but are not the corrupt recognition and encouragement and sharing of the proceeds of vice, as at present practiced, a much graver scandal? Open recognition of vice would enable its regula-

tion, and regulation means, to a certain extent, at least, suppression. Secret recognition facilitates the spread of the worst forms of vice according to the encouragement corruptly bought. Crusades for the elimination of vice always end in failure of the worst kind. They make for monopoly in vice and monopoly corrupts the officials employed to suppress vice. License the pool-rooms, poker games, faro banks and the social evil, and then there would be assured a means of keeping the evils in check. Pretend to suppress them and they flourish through the connivance of those who can make money by pretending not to see them. Openly recognize vice and openly regulate it, and then there is less chance that to the vices under consideration there will be added the vices of hypocrisy and corruption.

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Sea-Lawyers

WITH the Evans-Chandler row and the Sampson-Schley controversy dinning in our ears, are we quite as enthusiastic as we were for an increase of the Navy? How much more gratefully dignified than all this squabbling is the calm of those who were with "the galleons of Spain" now everlastingly in the vocative! The country owes a bitter grudge to those who have made the sea service ridiculous by their bigotry, jealousy, meanness and lack of personal poise. There are too many sea-lawyers in our navy, and they should be muzzled at once.

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Lewis' Croker

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS has written a life of Richard Croker that is probably the most banal book the country has produced in fifty years. Yet it is an immensely interesting production, quite aside from its colossal lack of taste. It treats of almost everything under the sun that could possibly be lugged into the narrative, and in a style which is a cross between that of the late Iconoclast Brann and the author of "Deadwood Dick." The author has simply turned somersaults over himself in an effort to produce a biography that would be bought by Tammanyites, and he has succeeded beyond his expectations. Mr. Lewis' Croker is a greater man than any of the Twelve Champions of Christendom. The utter vulgarity of the standards by which the boss is judged is pushed to a point at which you suspect the author of writing with one hand while with the other he makes to his readers the significant gesture with which Panurge finally vanquished the wonderful Thaumast. The thing is eminently worth reading by everyone who has sense enough to appreciate the things the biography teaches without at all intending to do so. When Mr. Lewis lived in the West he wrote well. Since he went to New York he writes like a modern combination of Thersites and Alciphron—the deformed and scurrilous Grecian and the parasite. But he is unconsciously serving a good end. He is showing what a vile thing politics is in the greatest city in the country, showing how ideals can be debased until an ignorant, uncouth, sordid, grasping thug can become to a large element a sort of demigod. Lewis' life of Croker will make reformers, just as Renan's materialistic "Life of Christ" is said to have been instrumental in the making of many converts among infidels and agnostics.

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High Prices

OUR friends, the vegetarians, seem to be in a fair way to starve to death, with potatoes at prices like those of American Beauty roses in December and other vegetables selling at figures that would be high for blue orchids. But then there's nothing for the table that isn't going up at an almost paralyzing rate of speed. We are all getting just a little too much of the prosperity of other people.

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The Sleeping-Car Porters' Tip

THE seven thousand Pullman car porters have formed a union. They have a grievance. They find that the fees of the public are diminishing. The man or woman that used to give the porter twenty-five cents has latterly been insulting him with fifteen cents or a dime. Some of the

porters are afraid that unless this tendency be checked the tip may descend to a nickel. They purpose now to refuse all tips of less than a quarter, but how they are to enforce the quarter does not appear. While the newspaper stories of the union of the porters and their probable strike may be mostly imaginary, they serve to call attention to the porters' tip as being, as the Chicago Public says, "one of the meanest business swindles of the time." The same paper sums up the essence of the swindle in a few lines which are here quoted: "Porters," it says, "are paid from \$15 to \$30 a month by the sleeping-car companies. It is well understood that this is not living pay. But the porters are expected to eke it out with tips from travelers, notwithstanding the travelers are forced to pay a good round price to the company for the accommodations they get. Sleeping-car tips, therefore, are, in fact, not tips to the porters, but tips to the company which hires them and ought to pay them." There is not a person in the United States who has ever traveled in a Pullman car that does not know and resent the fact set forth thus succinctly. Yet the abuse continues. The American public does not grudge the tip. It is probable that the generous American would tip the porter if he was paid as much again as his employer now gives him. It is the meanness of the thing that galls. And yet there seems no way to remedy the matter. If the Pullman porters went on strike there would be seven thousand men ready to take their places and to take even the five-cent tip that the present employees now dread as a possibility, or even to do without tips altogether. Travelers can, of course, refuse to tip the porters, but very few of them have the courage to do so. If one tried it once, he would probably feel mean over it for the rest of his life. It is probable that relief will come in this direction only when the railroads generally run their own sleeping cars instead of renting them from the Pullman concern, and offer freedom from the tip nuisance as an inducement to secure passenger traffic.

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The Oklahoma Gamble

THE opening of new lands in Oklahoma has been much celebrated as giving to a horde of homeseekers new opportunities for success in life. The MIRROR has said in this department that the opportunities offered were chiefly for speculators or gamblers and that there was plenty of much better lands in the older States and particularly in Missouri. Now comes Mr. DeWitt C. Wing, an agricultural authority, who went to Oklahoma to investigate the conditions for a syndicate of periodicals, including the *Record-Herald*, *Breeders' Gazette*, *Farmers' Voice* and *National Rural*, of Chicago, and the *St. Louis Journal of Agriculture*, and substantiates the assertions made by this paper in commenting upon the alleged "rush for homes." He talks straight out and says that Oklahoma, like all new countries, has been greatly overrated, so far as its agricultural possibilities are concerned. The lands just opened for settlement do not differ materially from those allotted in 1893, the topography being substantially the same and the general character of the soil identical. Much of the land is well located, and with ample rainfall and intelligent management should yield fair profits. There are, however, vast areas of land in both El Reno and Lawton districts which will not be worth what it costs to patent them. Of the 13,000 quarter sections for allotment not more than 4,000 are worth entering. The Indians have the choicest lands, and the numerous reservations throughout the new country include tracts far superior to any left for homesteaders. "The chief drawback in Oklahoma," Mr. Wing goes on to say, "is the absence of reliable water sources, and the annual precipitation is not sufficient to supply artificial reservoirs. Forage crops cannot succeed in such a country, except in the river bottoms, which are very limited in extent, and this means that livestock husbandry must necessarily be an uncertain business. Wheat is the money crop of the territory. It yields from 10 to 20 bushels per acre ordinarily and possesses a high gluten content. But there would be little or no profit in the wheat, however cheaply produced, were it not for the pasture it affords. It is

grazed throughout the winter by stockers, which, at two years of age, are shipped North to the corn belt and fattened. Oklahoma is a beautiful country, but it is uncertain. Crop failures are too frequent to entitle it to the distinction of being 'the farmers' paradise.' Hundreds of homestead winners are going to be losers. The best towns are Lawton, Ft. Cobb, Anadarko and Hobart. Town lots are going to sell high in these villages. Anadarko is in the midst of a large Indian settlement and for that reason bids fair to become an active trading post. The poor man would better stay away from Oklahoma." Mr. Wing is anything but a sensationalist. He has studied agriculture and all the conditions under which it is carried on, according to the newest scientific methods. His advice is therefore worth taking. When he advises the poor man to stay away from Oklahoma one is reminded that the same advice is given by the writers on all the new lands opened up to the Americans. Neither Hawaii, Porto Rico, Cuba, nor the Philippines is the place for the poor man. The new lands want only people with money. And, after all, one may doubt whether the poor man cares for the new lands. He probably knows that he is better off near the centers of population than he could be in virgin wilds under prevailing conditions. The rush to Oklahoma was not in any sense a rush for homes. It was a rush to gamble for prizes. The winners of the 13,000 farms are already trying to sell them, and even before the allotment of lands was made it was estimated that not more than three per cent of those registered to partake in the lottery seriously intended to make a residence in the new country. There is no land-hunger that manifests itself in rushes such as the papers have recently described. The valuable movement to new lands in the West is a slower movement than that of the boomers. The fact that there are one hundred million acres of public domain in the Western States yet open to homestead entry and that much of it is better adapted to agriculture and stock-raising than the lands in the Kiowa reservation, shows that the land-hunger is not great or general. The people are not rushing to these acres. They do rush to a lottery of lands in which they hope to get for nothing something they can sell at a big profit. The real farmer is not interested in these big gambles. He is looking for lands near to markets, not at the farthest remove therefrom. The farmers from the Eastern States do not go to the frontier for new homes. Real farmers have no part in these "stampedes." It is not probable, therefore, that many actual farmers will suffer through disappointment in the lands newly opened up in Oklahoma. While it is well that the new lands should be opened up, it is well that the truth should be told about them, as Mr. Wing tells it. Those papers that are praising the Administration for its service to the masses in opening up the Kiowa reservation are only invoking the inevitable reply, that in this, as in most things else, the Administration's professions of desire to help the masses is only a mask to enable it to give more power and possessions to those who already have both in abundance.

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The Way They Hold Their Skirts

THE way the ladies hold up their skirts! 'Tis too emphatic as to the rear elevation, while it also has pointed anterior significances. The fashion shows the figure, but the fashion is being pushed beyond vulgarity to indecency, in the extreme backward tautness and the pointed forward gathering.

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The Base Ball Fever.

THE St. Louis ball team may lose or win the pennant. In either event the members are to be approved for being able to interest the ladies, as they have never been interested in sport before. The percentage of ladies in the crowds at League Park is an evidence that the club and its management have, to a large extent, co-operated to rescue a fine sport from vulgarity and rowdiness. The city of St. Louis, as a whole, appreciates this fact, and it has awakened to the idea of backing up the club's effort to put the city prominently before the world for efficiency in one depart-

The Mirror

ment of athletics. The MIRROR insists again that the Cardinals, their work or play, the interest in them, the spirit they stimulate in the people, are a sign that the new St. Louis is here. St. Louis needs more "rooters" in every line of effort and the ball club encourages the "rooting" habit. It is to be hoped that more and more people will catch the ball fever, go to the games, absorb there something of the ozone of "pulling for the town" and then take the spirit back with them into their business and professional associations.

A Clash

THE servant girls, we read in the papers, have declared against midnight suppers. The servant girls, we may safely assume, will not be supported in this declaration by the chorus girls.

Fra Elbertus' Chef d'Oeuvre

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD says that "Saint Paul was a lobster." He certainly was. Saint Paul never could have written the delicate and tasteful article on Ladies' Corsets that adorns the pages of the current *Philistine*. Saint Paul, also, never could have conceived anything so great as the idea that informs a recent announcement from the Roycroft Shop,—nothing less than that of getting out an illustrated, hand-illuminated, van Gelder paper edition of the Kraft-Ebing masterpiece "Psychopathia Sexualis." The edition of this classic, which will be personally supervised by Fra Elbertus, will be calculated for the mental latitude and longitude of the school teachers and high school girls who make up the most enthusiastic portion of the army of supporters of the Roycroft publications. Saint Paul, having been a lobster, knew nothing of Kraft-Ebing and their specialty, and if he did he never would have thought of getting out the monumental work with the loving-kindness the gifted Fra Elbertus intends to bestow upon it. The Fra has on several occasions argued with adorable logic and sympathy for perfect freedom in love and for the claim to glory of the wife who condoned and even rejoicedfully approved of her husband's infidelity, as well as for the even more complaisant husband who rejoiced to find that his wife had imitated his own miscellaneity of affection, but those delectable essays were only paving the way for the final triumph of the disciple of William Morris, in introducing to a feminist following of males and females, the book upon which he is now at work. The good and sweet and noble Fra Elbertus will contribute an introduction to the book. He will also write numerous foot-notes, in the style of the recent essay upon corsets. He will show that he has at last discovered the supremest expression of his great doctrine of "love for love's sake," which so cleverly conceals the same sort of justification for moral eccentricity as the doctrine of "art for art's sake." Furthermore, Mr. Hubbard will show that the great work which he purposes giving to the world in the extremest perfection of beautiful form is the elaboration, to the *ultima Thule* of logic, of those theories of mental superiority to physical fact which find their highest expression in "Science and Health." Mr. Hubbard's edition of the colossal work will also be so framed as to meet the views of those of his followers who have reached the serene altitude of believing that the propagation of the human species may be accomplished abiogenetically and by simply thinking creatures into being. It is very doubtful if this unæsthetic time actually apprehends the importance of the services being rendered to society by the Sage of East Aurora. But it will. When Kraft-Ebing with notes by Hubbard shall have appeared, the whole world will awaken to the esoteric wisdom of the Hubbardian cultus. It will perceive that the soulful Fra has enlarged the boundaries of love and put new frills on the freedom of the sexes and given new and hitherto unimagined significance to the demand for a single standard of morals, as well as the emancipation of woman. When the book appears, explicating and explicated by Mr. Hubbard, we shall understand the things that have made him *persona grata* to all those elements in the country that

carry their reform sentiment to such an extreme that they want to begin turning things upside down and inside out from a point very close to the elimination of the "not" from the Seventh Commandment.

Three Women Loved Him

ITALY'S great Crispi is dead and the journalistic obituarists speak wisely concerning his services to his country. But Crispi's life was full of one thing that most statesmen's lives do not contain in these days—woman's love. He was well beloved of three women. One died, one was divorced and continued to revere him; the third was with him, ministering tenderly, until he died. For this last woman he fought the greatest power in Italy, the church. His divorce, even more than his nationalist tendency, aligned the "black" party against him, but he triumphed and his last wife was recognized at court, practically, as a princess. He was a very brave man, was Francesco Crispi. He was a bold adventurer who graduated from something closely akin to an anarchist bandit into a strong supporter of the throne. He saw, when the time came, that his countrymen were not fit for the liberty of which he had once dreamed and he accepted the monarchy as preferable to chaos. At times he surrounded himself with friends who betrayed his confidence as Grant's friends in this country did. He emerged from great scandals not wholly exculpated, but splendidly defiant and wonderfully resourceful. He was an autocrat in manner and method and there were many who hated him, though all respected his sheer power. He had been a refugee and then he was one who crushed the political aspirations of his former allies. He went out of power, finally, chiefly as the result of Italy's shattered dream of an empire in Abyssinia, but he went down like a Titan and never cried for quarter from his foes. Conspirator turned constructionist, he knew the game of Italian politics from the camorrist's pot-shot to the negotiations with Bismarck, and he enjoyed the game with a zest that only death could cool. He was an opportunist of a high type, selfish yet true to Italy, inconsistent, tyrannical, not wholly uncommercial, cynical, and yet in his youth he had written poetry and in later manhood had been of the band of Garibaldi. He was of the group in which Cavour and Mazzini were leaders and he perfected their work, though, perhaps, in ways they would not have approved. With all his uniquely mixed good and bad he was one of the makers of modern Italy. He was a man great enough for even his olden enemy the Vatican to lament his passing. And three women had loved him and helped to make him what he was.

Dress In Chicago

A PARIS beau is to be imported by aesthetic Chicagoans to teach the natives of that city how to dress themselves. It's odd that Chicagoans need such instruction, seeing that the city's greatest industry is the dressing of hogs, but things that are equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other in Chicago, and so the Frenchman, M. Le Bargy, will have a large job on his hands. It is possible, however, that when he surveys the scene of his labors he will throw up his hands and escape. How can anyone dress well in Chicago where they have eleven different kinds of weather in one day, and sometimes all kinds at once? How can Chicago be well dressed when its business activity is such that the people tear the clothes off one another in their mad scramble for fortune, when every street resembles a bargain-counter rush, and millionaires wrestle openly for dollars, like newsboys scramble for pennies thrown on the walk? What's the use of dressing well in a town where it is the height of achievement to steal the coat off a man's back while he's taking lunch with you, or to tip off to the foot-pat the fact that a man with money is going to visit you on a certain night and leave at a certain hour, and then meet the garroter and divide, next day? How can anyone dress well and be on terms of intimacy with the effluvia of the Chicago river? And if some few of the mushroom millionaires do profit by the inculcations of the French artist, what effect will that have upon the mass? There

are autocthones in the annexed districts of Chicago who are yet wearing loin-clothes and rings in their noses and nothing else, and if M. Le Bargy should appear among them he would fall a victim to their aboriginal anthropophagy. Even Bathhouse John Coughlan, a native Chicagoan, had to leave the city because he tried to show his fellow citizens how to wear a blue hat, green coat, yellow vest, red trousers, purple shirt, and gilt shoes simultaneously. Chicago is a great city, but it is too great, at least it has been, to pay any attention to elegance. "Elijah" Dowie has not been able to make the great city put on its ascension robes. Not even Rockefeller's Baptist University has been able to make bathing popular, though the Standard Oil plutocrat has poured forth a veritable Pactolus. Chicago does not believe that it's the coat that makes the man, nor even the breeches. Chicago dresses, by the necessity of its own nature, in the toggery of the nigger-singer of the Haverly days. Chicago is always worried because it fears it will be taken for a waiter if it puts on a dress suit. The Prince Albert coat is sacred in Chicago to the memory of the renowned confidence man, "Canada Bill." A silk hat in Chicago is only used as a receptacle in which the brace faro dealer secretes his hog-box. Nobody even wore a Tuxedo in Chicago except Pat Sheedy, Parson Davies, Mike McDonald or Sol van Praag, and no ordinary Chicagoan would dare don a garment sacred to such men of high renown. M. Le Bargy will find, when he tries to teach Chicago how to dress, that he is up against conditions that are insurmountable. If he should happen into Chicago with a decent suit on he will be lured into a knock-out-drop joint, deauled and sent forth garmented in a barrel.

Kipling's Latest "Poem"

RUDYARD KIPLING'S latest poem is, as the theatrical slang has it, "rotten," but Mr. Kipling knows his business. He was not writing poetry when he penned "The Lesson." He was simply rhyming facts in a way to drive them home on the Britishers and convince them of their own incompetency. He has succeeded in that purpose. The lines in question have neither heart nor soul. They are solely a statement that British brute force has been impotent in South Africa because undirected by brain. Kipling's verses thus represent adequately, if not admirably, the British idea of the war. It is a base, heartless war. It is devoid of enthusiasm. The Englishmen are half ashamed of it and that is why they are so unsuccessful. Kipling doesn't put any glamour on the Boer war. He is content with telling his countrymen, in rhyme, that they are a pack of blundering "chumps" trying to build an empire on "an island seven by nine." From a high literary standpoint Kipling's poem is not worth mentioning, but from his cynical, brutal English point of view the verses are effective in condensing all the criticism that the conduct of the war has evoked. Mr. Kipling may or may not see the Boer war in the way others see it. He doesn't express a too lively hope for early success of the English. He doesn't despair, but he is disgusted at the lack of British ability. It is this hard, dry, practical view of the matter that makes his "poem" an affront to all who have admired his earlier work. But it is evident that he thinks to serve his country by voicing the popular criticism of its army and it may be that he stoops as an artist to achieve something as a citizen. Even at that, however, the sentiment of his own "Recessional" echoes throughout the world in rebuke of his assumption of the attitude of Rhodes and Chamberlain. He has made the complete descent from the singer of "the man in the rough" to the mere music-hall jingler hitting off a topic of the day. A few more such "poems" as "The Lesson" and Rudyard Kipling will be a name to sneer at. It looks just now very much as if, in the matter of poetry, Kipling's future is behind him.

Concerning Coal

A MATTER of greater interest to the public than the formation of a great coal trust is the fact that it has been discovered in St. Louis that dealers have been delivering coal in loads from 800 to 1,400 pounds short of the weight

they charge for. The short weight coal merchants should be severely punished. It is hard enough to pay present prices for coal without being charged those prices for coal we don't get. The better class of coal merchants are trying to catch and convict the short-weight crooks. They have caught a few of them. The courts should fine the guilty heavily and the papers should print prominently the names of those convicted to warn people from dealing with them.

Compressed Air in the Tunnel

THERE is a tremendous row over the Park avenue tunnel in New York city because it is suffocating with smoke and coal-gas from the New York Central locomotives. The railroad says it cannot help the matter because there isn't any motor it can use in the tunnel but a steam one. We have a tunnel at St. Louis in which the air is very bad at all times owing to the coal smoke from locomotives. There hasn't been any row about it for so long that we've forgotten the nuisance. And just as we have forgotten the nuisance we are strongly reminded of it by the leaking out of information that the St. Louis Terminal Railway is now negotiating for compressed-air motors, to take the place of steam locomotives in pushing or pulling trains through the tunnel. The change will be made before the World's Fair, and when the compressed-air motors begin to run the tunnel will be brilliantly lighted by electricity. There may be a hint of relief for New York in the progressive methods now in vogue in the management of the great St. Louis tunnel.

Uncle Fuller.

WHAT TOM JOHNSON IS DOING.

HIS STRUGGLE FOR HIGHER TAXATION OF STEAM RAILROADS.

IN his mayoralty campaign speeches Tom Johnson maintained that the steam railroads were not paying taxes on more than from 5 per cent to 7 per cent of their actual value and that if he were elected Mayor he would try to have their property valued as the property of home-owners. As the Mayor of Cleveland has nothing whatever to do with the appraisal of railroad property this statement was taken by many *cum grano salis*. However, shortly after his election and his creation of a private tax bureau for a reappraisal of local estate there appeared on the scene Prof. E. W. Bemis, the author of "Municipal Monopolies," the man who lost his chair in the Chicago University because of his criticisms on corporations and who is generally known as an expert in the earning power of quasi-public corporations. Mr. Bemis, it developed, had, long before Mr. Johnson's election, been privately employed by that gentleman in working up facts and statistics as to steam and street railway properties in Ohio and had converted himself into a reservoir of ready information which it was only necessary to tap to bring out knowledge, commonly supposed to be the sole possession of railway managers and directors, respecting the physical property, investment and earning power of their respective companies. Mr. Bemis is a quiet, clerical-looking gentleman, with bright eyes, gray hair and the meek, trustful face of a child. His general knowledge of his special branch of economics is such as to make any contest between him and a railroad officer a thing of joy to the man who loves an intellectual swordsmanship whose rapier-play, swift and brilliant, beats down with a turn of the wrist the club of his opponent who expects to crush him at a blow. Mr. Bemis' appearance was synchronous with the attempt by Mr. Johnson to fulfill his pre-election declarations concerning the valuation for taxation of railroad properties.

The valuation of the property of a steam railroad in Ohio is fixed by the auditors of the counties through which the lines of the company run. For instance, if a steam railroad passes through ten counties, the auditors of those counties meet in joint session with the auditor of the railroad company and receive from him his return as to how much the entire road-bed, including main track and sidings, all of the rolling stock and other equipment, and real estate holdings, amounts to in those ten counties. The auditors then determine how much the railroad company is worth per mile, the grand total being divided proportionately between

the counties according to mileage in those counties. Thus the rural counties share with the urban counties the entire taxation of the road, and the auditors of rural counties are placed in a position where they can make capital with the farmers for their supposed shrewdness, while the railroad companies are able to escape proper valuation in cities by a method which the cities cannot overcome in a State where the rural population is in excess of the urban population.

Mayor Johnson, in newspaper interviews, attacked severely this method of valuation. He declared that the appraisal should be made by county assessors instead of county auditors. "Take an instance," he said. "A railroad runs through three counties in the State, two of them being agricultural, and the third containing a large city with valuable terminals. The railroad's property might be worth one hundred times as much in the county containing the big city as in the other two counties, but the two auditors of the agricultural counties would control the situation and put whatever value they pleased upon the right of way."

Along in May the auditors of the counties through which pass the roads that have terminals in Cleveland began to meet in that city to appraise the railroad properties. The first railroad up for consideration was the Cleveland Terminal & Valley Railroad. This company's representative, on his appearance before the meeting of county auditors, reported the property of the road to be worth \$692,000, or \$9,200 a mile. Mayor Johnson claimed that the terminals were worth half a million alone; that from the viaduct the eye could take in Valley Railroad property worth a million and a half; that the market value of its stocks and bonds was between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000, and that the property could not be duplicated for the latter figure. As a matter of fact, the road reported its property at about 7 per cent. of its actual value, whereas it should be 60 per cent. Its most valuable property was in Cleveland, and yet in that county the railroad company paid taxes on a valuation of only \$114,000. Notwithstanding Expert Bemis' figures and the demands of Mayor Johnson for a 60 per cent. valuation, the auditors raised the valuation only \$565 a mile.

Then the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railway came up, and another attack was made by Johnson on the methods of the county auditors. The only result was a raise of \$880,000 in the valuation, or from 12 per cent. to 13 per cent. Here was Johnson's argument in this case: "Twenty-seven thousand dollars a mile is the sum total of the tax paid to each county. I want to show you that the selling price of that road is \$200,000 a mile, and according to your rule of assessing farm property, at 60 per cent. of its value, the road should be assessed at \$120,000 a mile instead of \$27,000. You assess the road at 12 per cent. instead of 60 per cent, making this charitable institution a present of the difference each mile between \$120,000 and \$27,000 of the tax payers' money. If the poor railroad needs charity tell me and go home and tell your constituents that it is in need of help."

When the Cleveland, Belt & Terminal Railroad was being appraised by the auditors, the president, Myron T. Herrick, one of the smoothest financiers of the country and a member of McKinley's kitchen cabinet, put in an appearance. The road's written return was handed in, the property being placed at \$19,665 a mile, the same as last year. Mr. Herrick explained that this was an old, broken-down road which Cleveland capital was trying to build up, and that properly it should not be considered as a separate road, but as a part of the Wheeling & Lake Erie system. Mayor Johnson refuted this proposition and then, characteristically, turned to Herrick and asked what the road was bought for when the Wheeling & Lake Erie absorbed the old Belt line. Mr. Herrick could not remember, nor could he remember, when asked by Johnson, upon what basis the \$900,000 of bonds of the old Belt line were taken up.

"Wasn't the minimum at 60 cents on the dollar?" asked the Mayor.

"I don't remember."

"Will you say that was not the minimum?"

"I really can't remember."

"You remember, Myron, how you and I tried to buy it, about five years ago, for \$500,000, and we thought that was dirt cheap?"

No answer.

"And it hasn't depreciated any since?"

"It isn't earning anything," said Herrick.

"Well," said the Mayor, "the law says that property shall

be assessed for what it is worth, not for what it is earning. And it's worth just what it will sell for."

Turning to the auditor of the county, the Mayor said: "Now, then, we demand that you assess this road at 60 per cent. of its actual value. If you assess it at \$19,000 a mile, as this company asks you to do, and as it has been assessed in the past, you are taking money out of the pockets of the people and putting it into the pocket of the railroad just as much as if you went on the street with a club and robbed a man."

This was a delightful meeting to the onlooker. Said one of the railroad officers: "Your proposition is based on the road's earnings. You wouldn't buy anything that wasn't earning anything."

"My dear sir, that's the way I've made all my money—buying things that other people don't know how to handle."

"You wouldn't buy this for what you claim it was sold for—\$400,000."

"Yes, I will."

"That's a bluff."

"Is it a bluff?" demanded the Mayor. "I'll make a big cash deposit right here and take this road for \$400,000."

"All this talk is nonsense and politics," said a railroad attorney.

"Politics!" said the Mayor. "Of course it's politics. It's the kind of politics with which all the people of Cleveland, Democrats and Republicans, are in sympathy. They want to see these railroads pay their just share of taxes, and they look to me, as the Mayor of all the people, to do my utmost to see that it is done. That's what we're here for, sir. We present facts and figures and challenge you to refute them. You don't try. You can't. You run away. You say you only ask that you be assessed as other railroads are assessed; that you have precedent in your favor. Yes, you have precedent and you have votes; you have the county auditors."

The Nickel Plate, the Nypano, the Erie and the other big railroads had each its turn, and a terrific onslaught was made on the report submitted to the auditors by each as to its true valuation. Prof. Bemis threw tons of statistics as to rolling stock, yards, depots, main lines, side tracks, docks and terminals of all kinds, dividends, stocks, bonds and gross and net earnings at the heads of the auditors, crushing them with an avalanche of proof of the actual valuation of railroad property. The Mayor then followed with terse, rapid-fire comment; the railroad attorneys laboriously sought to prove that his contentions were wrong; the tax forces pressed on in glee, and the auditors finally retired to emerge with a report slightly increasing the valuation over that of last year.

At one stage the Mayor sought to mandamus the auditors into appraising the railroads on a 60 per cent basis, but the court held that the auditors were exercising a discretionary right vested in them by statute.

Mayor Johnson made the statement frequently that the auditors were in sympathy with the railroads and rode on free passes. Proof of this had been furnished Mr. Johnson by private detectives who shadowed the auditors from their homes to Cleveland and return. One crowd of auditors was found to have been in attendance at a banquet given in their honor at a local hotel by a railroad tax agent.

The last road to be appraised was the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. This corporation has a tremendous amount of valuable property in Cleveland. Mayor Johnson claimed that its assessment was only 7 per cent. of its real value, and proof was submitted that the actual value of the rails amounted to more per mile than land, rails and rolling stock were appraised at; that not a dollar's value was allowed for terminals worth millions; that land worth millions owned by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company in Cleveland did not pay a cent of taxes.

After the steam railroads and their tax methods were shown up, the Mayor turned his batteries on the street railway, gas and electric light companies. There are two street railway systems in Cleveland. One is controlled by Henry Everett, and the other by Mark Hanna. The appraisal of the property of street railway, gas and electric light companies is made by the City Board of Equalization, a majority of whose members were appointed by Mayor Johnson, as I explained last week. The game was all in the Mayor's hands, therefore, and the results were paralyzing. Although the battle waged for days, the issue was never in doubt. The Board increased the valuation of Hanna's roads \$5,600,000, making a total amount subject to taxation of \$6,233,800, or about 60 per cent on a valua-

tion of \$10,000,000. The return of the Peoples' Gas Company, \$360,245, was raised to \$1,074,000. An addition of \$2,800,000 was made to the return of the Cleveland Gas Light & Coke Co., and \$872,118 was added to the return of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. There was much clashing of expert opinion in all these cases as to the value of stock and, as usual, the Mayor was ready and offered to buy stock at a figure that corporation officers declared was higher than the stock's value. Once he was taken up on an offer, but the company did not make good in the call. Thus, a total increase in valuation on the two electric railway systems and the three illuminating companies of \$22,000,000 was effected. Naturally, the corporations will seek, through the courts, to annul the action of the Board, but Mr. Johnson will fight the case in court as aggressively as before the Board. At the conclusion of the first round in this battle, the Mayor announced that this increase would reduce the tax rate from \$3.00 per \$1,000 (the present rate) to \$2.55, and that, if the steam railroads were required to stand a just and equivalent valuation, the tax rate could be further reduced to \$2.00.

Mayor Johnson, with Prof. Bemis and the young attorney who so ably represented the Mayor in the examination of witnesses, Mr. Newton D. Baker, are now awaiting a call from the State Board of Equalization, the body that reviews the findings of the county auditors. Mr. Johnson and his lieutenants are "loaded for bear" and the contest will be exceedingly interesting. It will carry the question of railroad taxation immediately before the people of the State. It will lend a phosphorescent glow to the Johnson taxation planks in the Democratic State platform. The Mayor intends to show, to use his own words, "that the railroads in Ohio to-day are dishonestly escaping payment on over \$500,000,000 worth of property. The people will not permit this. From the disclosures made before the State Board, there will grow a sentiment that will sweep Ohio from end to end and overwhelm these men with shame and disgrace. If justice is denied us, then we will go to the higher courts. The grand and final battle will come when the people become aroused. The people are not easily stirred up, but when they are, something must give way. They are beginning to see the outrageous injustice in the present inequitable valuation of taxable property, and they will demand a change that will forever retire men who are elected to carry out the laws, but fail to do so."

There you have a view of the new political wizard at work. Can he make the dry problem of taxation a burning issue? I am quite sure of it. Already Chicago is at work boosting corporation values. Ohio cities are responding to the Johnsonian impulse. After Mr. Johnson has fired off his ammunition at the State Board of Equalization, the chances are that he will flood the State with his lists of railroad property, actually valued and, under Republican administration, taxably valued. If he does, his tax issue will be launched and then you can look for a fight worth witnessing. All eyes will be turned towards Ohio, and Tom Johnson will have achieved one ambition; namely, the first popular test of his taxation issue.

M. A. Fanning.

THE WORK OF WU TING-FANG.

A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE TO A DIPLOMAT.

SOME of our esteemed contemporaries profess the utmost wonder at the popularity among Americans of all classes of the Chinese minister, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, (says the Washington Post, in a well-deserved tribute to the Chinese Ambassador.) To us the explanation seems obvious enough. He is liked everywhere, to be sure, by the general public as well as by the elect. Men of learning, scientists, historians, statesmen, and philosophers meet in him an intellect worthy of their utmost respect. The average citizen revels in his wit, his tact, his delicate and playful humor, his genuinely democratic character. But no one need be at a loss to understand it all. We admire his courage, his ingenuity, his brains, and at the bottom of our hearts we sympathize with China as against the ravening marauders who, in the name of civilization, are now slaughtering her people and devastating her territory.

Mr. Wu is a wonderful person. Never has the Capital of the United States seen his like. No foreign envoy who has come to Washington since the establishment of this

republic has approached him in any important respect. None has ever so successfully appealed to the good-will and admiration of the country. When we consider the circumstances by which he has been handicapped—the horrors enacted in China: the passions and prejudices inflamed by the tragic occurrences of last year; the use that has been made of violence and excess on the part of the Boxers; the false light in which the whole episode has been shown—when we consider these things and contemplate the almost affectionate treatment that has been accorded to China's representative in this country, it is possible to reach some slight appraisal of the man's astounding power. We assert, without any intention of discourtesy or disparagement, that the outside world has never sent to Washington an envoy who can be compared with Wu Ting-Fang in the matter of usefulness to his country. Others content themselves with amiable confabulations at the State Department and a round of more or less digestible dinners and more or less instructive gayeties with the so-called smart sets of Washington, New York, Newport, Bar Harbor, etc., and they go back to their countries in due time as ignorant of the American people, the American character, and the American point of view as when they sailed for New York in the first instance.

Wu Ting-Fang has mastered our national traits and he has captured our national esteem. He has triumphed over obstacles that at one time seemed insurmountable, and, without the smallest sacrifice of dignity, without once apologizing for his people, his institutions, his practices or his faiths, he has commanded the admiration of all of us. No such exhibition of subtlety of intellect, of courage in action, of candor in speech, of proud and self-respecting conduct has ever been made in this country by a foreign representative. The others come and go, liked or disliked, pleased or displeased, lamented by their friends or scouted by their enemies, as the case may be. Wu Ting-Fang will leave behind him an impression upon public thought and policy that will never be forgotten.



TRAINING TOWARD BEAUTY.

A NEGLECTED EDUCATIONAL DEMAND.

[THIS article, from the New York Independent of August 1st, seems to the editor of the MIRROR to express cogently a number of important facts concerning education and to point out clearly a way in which education may relieve American life of much of its restless avariciousness and sordidness of soul. The author, Ethelbert D. Warfield, L.L.D., president of Lafayette College, has sounded a note which we should hear again and again. It seems to the editor of the MIRROR that the people are ready for the ideas hereinbelow advanced, and that they contain the germ of a movement that may result in the spread of a healthy culture in this country, to say nothing of happiness for the masses of the people. It is hoped that readers of this paper interested in the broader aspects of education, will ponder Dr. Warfield's ideas and proceed to agitate them in circles in which they have influence.]



IT often has been said that the American people are irrational in their eagerness for education. This is no doubt true, although as good Americans we prefer to substitute some other word for irrational. Yet, however we may be persuaded of the soundness of our individual zeal, we are too familiar with those whose views are so different from our own to make us feel that they are very stupid or very nearly mad. It is pathetic to meet men whose only idea for the education of their children is that they may have that magic gift they missed, or that their children shall not waste time in mastering what they in their idle boyhood loitered over and refused to learn. One note is constantly emergent in the speech of parents, the desire that the education shall be practical. The cultivation of power is the parents' plea. Not all would limit this to ignoble bread and butter studies. Many want Greek and Latin in the foundation. But rare, very rare, is any plea for the beautiful presented. There is scarcely any department of aesthetics which makes a vigorous claim for recognition in the educational field of school or college.

It is, of course, true that there has been some professed activity in the direction of instruction by means of pictures in the schools. But it is hard to reckon this a move in the field of aesthetics, as the pictures are selected with little regard to the artistic merit of the originals, and the reproductions have generally commended themselves because of their cheapness rather than their beauty.

The conscious education in the beautiful being so neg-

lected, it is natural to inquire what the unconscious education is. Nature has been lavish in many parts of our land. Especially in many portions of our Eastern States there is as fine scenery as can be found in any thickly settled region. Our people appreciate this, and are as much accustomed to seek the beauty of sea and river, of hill and mountain, as any other race. Among the more cultivated, there is, perhaps, a greater proportion of travelers who seek the grand and the lovely in nature than is to be found in any land. But there are vast sections of our great continent which are flat and monotonous and without the stimulus which the variety and richness of natural scenery affords to the æsthetic faculty. And when we turn from nature to the work of man's hand the result is discouraging.

Is there anything so utterly without form and comeliness as the average American town or village? The smaller towns are too commonly marked by the extreme prominence of the country tavern with its conspicuous bar room and livery stable. The more pretentious buildings such as churches, school-houses and court-houses are almost invariably without a single mark of æsthetic purpose. Not a line has been studied with a regard to any other line, not a proportion given a moment's consideration. Columns of many kinds are used without the remotest conception of the laws which govern the construction of such supports, whether mechanical or æsthetic. And from house to house colors flame forth in one unvarying discord, where they do not sink down into the flat shabbiness of long settled decay. And all this is heightened by the strident notes of bill-boards presenting the disgusting scenes of traveling melodramas or the exaggerated delights of circuses and Wild West shows.

What are we to expect from the youth brought up in the midst of such surroundings? There is no model for the carpenter's or the blacksmith's apprentice to form his future on. There is no suggestion to lift the mind of any child to a recognition of beauty of form or of color.

Most of our great cities are overgrown towns. They have much that is beautiful in them, much that is accessible to those who have time and purpose to go in search of it; but very little which is so related to the life of the people as to afford an unconscious education.

What is true in this material side of life is true also of intellectual tendencies. In speech there is little recognition of the fine phrase. No American audience waits upon the honeyed lips of the orator as the Athenians did in ancient Greece, or the Parisians do in modern France. Except in very small circles there is little appreciation of the exquisite in form or fancy, and our speakers increasingly content themselves with a blunt and rugged style, full of vitality and replete with facts, but as transient as the breath that gives it utterance.

What is true of oratory is as true of music. The standard of musical taste in the country at large is astoundingly low. The musical instruments that are in demand illustrate this on the one hand, and the terrible wave of "rag time" which lately swept over the country gives it emphasis.

It is not necessary to speak of painting and sculpture. These great arts scarcely touch the average American. They are significant only for the more cultivated few who are not under consideration at this time.

We stand at a critical point in our history as a people. We have in a most marvelous manner mastered the elementary problems of national life. We have brought a great continent under control. We have developed a free and highly productive life. Now we must meet the problem first of making our life as wholesome as it is free, and as beautiful as it is comfortable; and, second, of making the products of our factories such as will win the approval of foreign races of more highly cultivated taste, but of inferior skill.

The great age of the Renaissance not only wrought marvels for its own men and women, but transmitted to posterity the monuments of its love for the beautiful. Every traveler in Southern Europe knows the subtle charm in the campanili and the colonnades which so often meet his eye. How noble are the proportions of yonder tower on the hill, how graceful the iron work in the gate of the neighboring monastery! On every side appear the memorials of an age whose every art and craft became informed with a beauty which locked hands in an age-long clasp with utility. Even to-day, after centuries of decay,

the carpenter fashions his column and pilasters after models transmitted from Greek and Moorish originals through generations of Italian and Spanish artisans; and the smith, toiling at a primitive forge, cannot quite escape the gracious beauty of his surroundings.

Do we not need more definitely to recognize the importance to us as a people of fostering in our manual training schools the knowledge of the principles of beauty, and of establishing trade schools in which our youth can be taught to appreciate and produce beautiful fabrics? The existing schools scarcely seem to appreciate the importance of a systematic and thorough training in the fundamental principles, and they certainly are wanting in any real enthusiasm for the highest type of craftsmanship. No doubt the American spirit which makes youth eager to get to the top—not of a chosen calling, but of a series of callings—enters in as a disturbing force. The well taught carpenter's apprentice aspires to be a contractor, or an architect; the successful sign painter becomes a fourth rate portrait painter. The great lesson of successful industrial artisanship, the lifting of the craft to an untouched level, goes unlearned.

This important field ought not to go unimproved in this epoch of great wealth and growing demand for American products. Its improvement or neglect may be the determining factor in American industrial development. But it has for the student of society another element of interest. Native Americans are being driven out of manual labor by their own aversion to it, and the readiness of foreign immigrants to perform it. A more remunerative type of artisanship, involving higher mental faculties, might prove attractive to our own boys and call them back to sturdier occupations from behind the counter and the desk. If so it would be a national blessing.



THE TOAST OF HYPOGES.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

THERE is nothing more contemptible than the half-hearted sinner, not strong enough to be upright, too weak to push his perversity to hardihood. In Heaven there is no sin, for there is perfect love. In hell there is no vacillation of will, for the character of the abyss is indefectible hate. The earth, middle ground between the Eternities of Beatitude and Reprobation, suffers the divided allegiance of weaklings who anoint the smart of to-day's transgressions with the chrism of to-morrow's amendment.



"Why, F-Forbes! I didn't know you were back," stammered Barton Vance, with a nervous start. Ellis Forbes had entered the library unannounced, unperceived until he stood there, a yard from Vance's chair, the brutal projection of a Nemesis.

"I am back. I have come to dine with you to-night in honor of your wedding anniversary."

"Rose will be delighted," said Vance, forcing the words from his suddenly dried throat.

"And you, my friend?"

Heaven! the sight of Ellis Forbes had numbed like the touch of an octopus, his voice had stirred goading quivers in Vance's nerves, but that smile was like constricting coils!

"I?—Oh! why—need you—of course . . . But, Forbes! What is it that is so strange about you, old man? You—you frighten me! Shake hands. Sit down."

Vance rose with an effort and extending his hand took the one that Ellis Forbes lifted automatically to meet it. At the contact, a curiously numb ache seized his arm and shot up till it grasped his brain. Vance experienced a sensation which he felt must be akin to that of applying the tongue to cold iron. He fell back into his chair, a blade of pain riving his temples. His heart palpitated with irregular throbs that found expression in his faltering, choky voice.

"I am quite as when I left," returned this monstrous Ellis Forbes, telling the palpable lie with brazen coolness. Had he come back with the fresh glow on his cheek, the mellow radiance in his dark eye, the careless boyish sweep to his thick brown hair, come back the young man whom

Vance knew and Nathalie had loved? Even thus returned, he would have been a torment to the soul of Vance.

But coming in this ghastly travesty he was a numbing horror to that traitorous transgressor. There was a pale blue tint in the hollow cheeks, and the sunken eyes were ringed with greenish circles. In the lack-luster orbs was such a pent-up heat! When he smiled the thin lips tore themselves slowly from the glittering teeth with infernal mockery, and the hair clung to the waxen brow like a wig—sodden, humid, dead.

Even his voice had a horror of its own, as patent as it was subtle. It was unvibrating and cold, a mechanical sound, not the breath of the soul informed with a personal note. It issued from the sluggish lips as a torpid serpent crawls loathsomely from the corner of a cave's opening.

Yet Vance could not take his eyes from the benumbing Thing. Strength had oozed from him and he could only seek to cloak his quivering weakness until he regained control of himself. He had not dreamed of his friend's return for months. And he had been gone—only three! Was it possible passion could rout love from a woman's heart in so short a time?

"Rose will be down in a moment," Vance said, still with that labored utterance. She could not come too soon! Something was stifling him, and his brain was leaping like a maddened horse, under the horror of its formless bodings. He could not bear alone this cruel, goading simulacrum of Ellis Forbes, with its devilish comity, pregnant reserve and psychic grip, like the slow suction of a leech.

Ah! There was the swish of her heavy silk gown as it swept the stairs! A moment, and she entered with that sense of boisterous vitality which enhanced the effect of her affluent figure. A fine woman, exhaustingly imposing in her robust physique. Such as she was, one got her all at once; a sumptuous, hardy, handsome creature.

Her quick eye caught sight of Ellis Forbes. Her husband marked the shock it was to her without need of the glance of interrogative wonder that she shot at him almost instantly.

"Such a surprise!" she cried, in her cool, high-pitched voice. "I thought you were in Paris, up to your ears in art. Awfully glad—but you look so strangely, Ellis!" she exclaimed bluntly. "You positively frighten me. You are like a vampire, or as if you had tumbled out of a casket."

"Ah! A gem?"

"Not that kind of casket," returned Mrs. Vance, resentfully. "Are you ill?"

"I was never more free from ailment. I have come to drink a health with you to-night on this anniversary of your wedding. I want to share the joy of my dearest friend in recalling the day when he gave his love and faith to a woman so worthy always to retain them."

"It was awfully good of you to remember it," said Mrs. Vance, fidgeting with her fan to conceal the nervousness caused by his eyes and smile.

Then turning to her husband, she threw off on him with a burst of impatience, "Barton open another window! I had no idea it was such a stifling evening. I suppose I dressed in a rush. I am simply suffocating."

Vance made a movement to rise. His arms fell back inertly. His whole body seemed dead to the command of his will. He had hoped Mrs. Vance's vigor and brusque matter-of-factness would divert this devilish current that had caught himself, but she had succumbed to the like at once. A swift shock of anger in his soul helped him to pull himself together. He walked to the window and threw it open with excess of energy. The light summer breeze that drifted in only aggravated the heat with which his temples throbbed. But why should Mrs. Vance feel so affected by their guest! Forbes looked dreadfully ill, of course; though that was not the word for it! He knew there was nothing the matter with her but Ellis Forbes; yet there was no reason for his acting on her like a flail of the devil!

"When did you get back? Have you seen Nathalie yet? Of course you have or you would not be here." Mrs. Vance asked the questions without pause, as she seated

herself at the dinner table a few moments later. She drew a labored breath that expanded her regal bosom until it strained her gown, but her lungs derived no refreshment from this inhalation. The dining room was as oppressive as the library! She darted a look of poorly-veiled irritation at the face of her husband. His forehead was covered with tiny drops of perspiration.

"I have not seen her yet," replied Forbes, "I knew Barton, dear boy, could tell me how she was."

He turned his mordant eyes on Vance. "Is she well? and happy?"

The accent on the last word was maddening to the wretched man, striving so hard to throw off the invisible tentacles compressing his heart and brain. Whoever, whatever this was, it was not Ellis Forbes!

It was a ghastly dinner. Mrs. Vance struggled heroically to adjust it to a normal conventionality, but she was fast verging on hysteria.

"I declare," she at last flung out with asperity. And then declared nothing, with her voice. She had turned her eyes towards Ellis Forbes as she spoke. The speech froze in her throat, her lip fell, her eyes bulged, and her high color bleached out with a celerity that spoke for its genuineness. Her soft, jeweled hand stiffened on the tablecloth and in dumb horror she looked at her husband. He turned his head reluctantly towards where Ellis sat.

There was nothing there!

Though the madness of it all was greying his face, this climax was relief. With a long, irrepressible sigh he let his glance veer toward his wife. He was amazed to see a new flicker in her eye; her tense look had resolved itself. To his stupefaction he heard her say with a shake in her voice:

"Good heavens, Ellis! What is the matter to-night? I have been in the most awful condition of nerves ever since I saw you. You ought not to be out. You look dreadfully. And just now when I looked over there, there wasn't a sign of you in your place! Did you see him when you looked, Barton?" she asked feverishly of her husband, fixing him with her eyes.

"Why, of course," he answered huskily. "You are upset, my dear. No wonder, the room is like an oven. Let us get into the conservatory and have coffee there."

Barton Vance had never lied more clumsily in his life. His wife would have been a fool not to know it the instant his twitching lips formed the words. A positive panic took possession of Mrs. Vance at such confirmation of her fears. She pushed back her chair violently and rose.

"I am going up stairs to leave you two men! I am simply unstrung and can bear no more. Good night!"

"Not until I give you my toast," exclaimed Ellis Forbes with a new devilish force in his hollow voice. "I can give it now better than a few moments ago."

He had risen to his full height, and raised his glass as he spoke. Mrs. Vance, arrested by the defiant domination of that despotic figure, remained standing, her eyes riveted upon the flaming eyeballs. Forbes had looked at Vance as he uttered the last words and a chill ran through the shrinking victim at the insinuation in the tones. He upset his wineglass in attempting to grasp it. The wine spread like a pool of blood on the white damask. Forbes' eye seem to kindle at the sight of it. He went on in maddening, measured tones, like the beat of a hammer on the bared nerve of the soul.

"Madame, it is the tenth anniversary of your faithful wifehood. I am your husband's best friend. I know how passionate a love he can both feel and create, I appreciate his loyalty, utterly! and so I drink to—Nathalie!"

The change that came over him as he pronounced this unexpected name was appalling. His whole form and especially the livid face, seemed to throb with grewsome vitality, detected as one notes the weird velocity of an unbroken rush of black, glassy water. The air around him took on tremulous vibrations as it does under intensely radiating heat. The lights sickened to dim, lurid flame. Some occult oppressive force pervaded the whole room.

And his eyes!

He had turned them possessively upon Vance, as he pronounced with hellish scorn, the unlooked-for name of his betrothed. In those sunken orbs there gleamed a frightful glare, as if they were glass, and one saw through them to a hell within, a seething maelstrom of fire, weird, malignant!

With a shrill shriek Mrs. Vance collapsed in a dead faint. Maddened by that molten gaze, which scorched his soul by its focused heat, Vance bounded to his feet, uttering a choking snarl, like an animal, dashed from the room, plucking his hat madly from the rack as he tore by, and leaped down the steps. As he fled there fell on his ears a hideous laughter, guttural yet with a sound like a taut parchment, slit by a keen-edged knife. One touch of fiendish contempt Vance escaped by his headlong flight. He did not hear the sneering lips utter, as the finale of this Devil's jest, a proverb of Spain; *Ovejá que bala bocado pierde*—"The sheep that bleats loses a mouthful." With that parting flout the ghoulish form of Ellis Forbes, a man ardent, sincere, exalted to his nature's highest potentiality, by his love for Nathalie, vanished once more, leaving the woman, whose bridal anniversary had been cursed by its infernal presence, a tumbled, senseless heap upon the floor.

In the whirling madness of the tortured Vance, one thought was the only guidance. Under the sting of that he leaped into the first hansom he met, giving Nathalie's address with smothered fury, bidding the man, with a curse, to drive in hot haste. He sat clinging to the dashboard with his whitened fingers as the cab rattled over the stones, rocking, leaping with the swiftness of its course.

He flung himself out before it had time to draw up at the house where Nathalie resided with her married sister. He sprang up the steps, tugged the bell violently, repeatedly, threw aside the startled servant who rushed to open the door, and darted up the stairs to the young girl's room. The commotion and confusion in the house he did not heed. It seemed natural under the circumstances, and he could not find out quickly enough what he wished to know. Hell had burst its bulwarks and the torrent was sweeping him away. He pushed someone aside who strove to prevent his entrance and burst into the room like a madman, amid the screams of startled women and servants. Then halted, as if he had been shot!

There on her bed, with its dainty counterpane and large square pillow of such snowy whiteness, she lay stretched out, a meagre thread of blood hardly at all coagulated staining the forehead and cheek with its sluggish current. The round spot in her right temple, of a deeper red, showed where the bullet had crashed through.

He turned from the delicate alabaster face, with the brown hair floating around it, feeling that he had to make harvest of the few moments that remained before the tightening cords of his brain snapped forever. There was no pity on his face, only fierce impatience and a rigid tension.

"Oh! Mr. Vance! Control yourself," wailed Nathalie's sister. "But it is too dreadful. Oh, my poor, sweet Nathalie."

"Why did she do it? When?"

The voice was hoarse, brutal, in its savage insistence; not Vance's soft, rich voice, seductive as melody.

"She got this cable an hour ago."

He grasped it and read. "Ellis Forbes died to-day. He wished me wire you when he died, to say he loved you more dearly than ever."

"ERNEST DELAPOINT."

"Then?" he demanded with the same sharp, hard imperiousness.

"Then I stayed with her for some time until she got quieter, when she made me leave her alone. And then, not a quarter of an hour ago, that pistol shot! And this note she left for you," concluded the dead girl's sister, breaking into a fresh outburst of grief.

With the same awful constraint he tore open the note and read. "You took me from him on earth. He loved me so truly that he came back to me when he was dead. I am going to him there! My blood may cleanse me, so that he will take me back."

He had finished and knew it all now! As he raised his head and looked about him, they saw the reason leave his eyes with a flicker as if he blinked at some glare flashed upon them. He threw back his head, raised his right hand high with the crushed note in it, and shouted wildly—"I drink to Nathalie!"

Then with a maniacal laugh he turned to where she lay aloof as *eidelweiss* on an inaccessible Alpine crag, so still and pure after her release, and flung himself groveling at her side, his arms across her breast.

Dr. Delapoint never told anyone but a most intimate friend of the strange disappearance, for more than an hour, of Ellis Forbes' corpse, soon after his decease. He preferred to admit himself subject to a bizarre hallucination on the point rather than insist on such an utterly unscientific abstraction. But the Doctor believes in nothing that he cannot hold, or prove, or weigh, and least of all does he believe in—the Devil!

SAMPSON-SCHLEY.

A CLEVER ANALYSIS OF THE NAVAL SQUABBLE.

SAMPSON is a pedagogue. Schley is a demagogue, (says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in, upon the whole, the cleverest analysis yet made of the ugly naval imbroglio.) Each may have sincerely tried to change that structure or tendency in his nature, but neither has succeeded. Nothing could make Admiral Sampson popular, and nothing could make him regardful of popularity. Nothing could prevent Schley from being popular, or from liking, and perhaps unconsciously courting, popularity. The first is austere, studious and shy. The second is familiar, showy and sympathetic. The first is profoundly respected, and the second is cordially liked. We should not be surprised at the conflict of circumstances which had their genesis, or their theater, in this difference of temperament.

When the navy department, in 1898, at the beginning of the late war, deliberately put Sampson above many of his seniors in Cuban waters, it invited the criticisms and jealousies which the act aroused. The consequences were no necessary condemnation of the act, though they inevitably followed from it. More than a fighter was required. A master of detail, a profound student of national and international law, a cool, wary and intellectual precisian, a thorough disciplinarian, and a sleepless exponent of constant readiness were required. Those requirements were believed to be found in Sampson to a greater degree than in any other man in the service. At the same time, the dramatic, emotional and magnetic qualities of Schley led to the elevation of him to the command of what was called the flying squadron. That a rivalry should exist between the squadron of blockade and the flying squadron was inevitable. That from that very rivalry the Government might hope for good results was natural. That circumstances should occur which rendered the conjunction of the squadrons necessary could not be foreseen. But they arose, the conjunction followed, and the conditions which called for the qualities of Sampson, rather than for those of Schley, in the long vigil at Santiago, were apparent to the department.

Now, bear these facts in mind. Connect them with the necessary absence, on duty, under orders, of Sampson from Santiago on July 3, 1898. Connect them with the fortunate presence of Schley on duty there at that time. Give the proper degree of credit to the commandant of every vessel for his work, in the battle which followed. Give the proper degree of credit to the fact that the readiness of all the vessels for battle was due to the conditions and orders originating with the absent Admiral. Consider that the plan of battle was itself supplied by the policy or impolicy of the emerging enemy. Then contrast the appeal which the presence and the personality of Schley made to the imagination and patriotism of the jubilant republic with the chilling and dulling sense of the absence of Sampson from the scene. Recall that Sampson was himself the official chronicler of the event and that officially, as well as actually, Schley was only one of several contributors to it. Then bear in mind that Sampson is rated a Republican and a Northerner, and Schley a Southerner and a Democrat.

This done, you have the elements or incidents which supply all the necessary heat and light with which the controversy is replete. The questions of evidence and those of temperament have become so mixed as to be well-nigh inseparable. But the solution of the matter should rest upon evidence and not on temperament, though temperament may supply an abundance of excuses and explanations.

THE STRAIGHT-EDGERS.

AN OFFICIAL REPORT ON AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

A SKETCH of the co-operative colony in New York city known as the Straight Edge People, is given by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Kent, in the latest bulletin from the Bureau of Labor.

The Straight Edge People have their headquarters at 240 Sixth avenue, New York, where they have established themselves "for the purpose of living and working together harmoniously and establishing industrial enterprises on harmonious principles." For a year or more they have published a little paper called the *Straight Edge*, the objects of which are set forth to be: "to make suggestions and formulate plans for the application of the Golden Rule to business and social relations."

The subscription price is designed to pay the cost of the paper, ink, postage and thirty-five cents an hour for the mechanical and clerical work in connection with the paper. If the receipts exceed the cost of these items, the surplus is divided among the subscribers. If they fall short, the subscribers are apprised of the deficiency and those who wish to apply the Golden Rule do so.

"There are no paid contributors, and there is no space for sale for any purpose or at any price. Nobody is in debt for the *Straight Edge*. It is easier and cheaper to forgive debts than to keep books."

Their industries at present are job printing, sign making and bread baking. The last named industry they hope to develop into a co-operative kitchen from which to serve wholesome food at cost to families in the neighborhood. They have recently taken a farm on Staten Island, where they hope to raise much of the produce needed for their restaurant and kitchen in the city. They have also a small manufacturing plant with which they turn out certain novelties they propose to make. Finally, they hope to establish a school of co-operative industry, where they will teach the art of social and industrial co-operation.

These people profess to believe it both possible and practicable to apply in actual business and social affairs the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, and to do this without running away from civilization. They call their institution a school of methods designed to instruct people in the best way of doing this.

At present the Straight Edge People, for economic reasons, are living in a communal home; but their plan contemplates complete economic independence of the workers. Each worker, young or old, regardless of occupation or skill, receives thirty-five cents an hour, which each worker is free to use in establishing a home outside. They believe in large individual freedom and encourage individual initiative in all matters. Any surplus of earnings over and above the thirty-five cents an hour for each worker employed, goes to provide like industrial opportunities for other workers.

These people have an odd way of distributing their work and their responsibilities. They have a suggestion box into which any member may put anonymous written suggestions regarding the distribution and execution of the work to be done. These suggestions are taken up and discussed at the weekly business meetings.

Each worker voluntarily assumes the responsibility for such work as he feels himself best fitted to do, and all arrangements are subject to criticism by any of the members. The more disagreeable work is shifted as often as practicable in order to equalize the burden. When one has chosen his work he is trusted to do it without supervision, but encouraged to consult his fellow workers, in case of doubt as to the best methods.

This plan of dispensing with a boss is said to work well and to have a wholesome and stimulating effect upon the workers. A system of time cards enables each worker to keep his own record, which is criticized, amended and indorsed at the weekly meetings, and all payments are based on the number of hours so returned.

The organization started two years ago with only \$50 borrowed capital and four members. Being located in New York city the rent problem has always been a serious one and the growth necessarily slow. There are now twelve adult workers in New York city and several additional will be employed on the farm.

A PECULIAR FRENCH DRAMA.

"THE CAREER OF THE TORCH."

A DRAMA by the French academician and author, Paul Hervien, recently produced, has excited a great deal of literary attention and interest, and the *Literary Digest* presents a synopsis of the plot and the views of the French critics. It is entitled "La Course du Flambeau," and its theme is the career or transmission of the torch of human love, the inevitably tragic course of human life. The characters of the play are simple, commonplace people, placed in exceedingly commonplace surroundings. Three generations, and the relations between them, are put before the spectator, and the plot logically leads to the playwright's conclusion, which is summed up in the final words of one of the chief personages: "I have killed my mother, who loved me, for the sake of my daughter, who does not love me." The course of love is downward, not upward, and thousands of families, in all walks of life, are supposed by this play to illustrate the cruel, fateful suffering of parents who find their self-sacrificing affection not only unrequited, but disdained and treated with humiliating indifference. The story of the drama is as follows:

Madame Revel is the widow of a man who had frittered away most of his fortune. She is loved by an American business-man, and returns his affection. She is urged to marry him, but she refuses on account of her young daughter, Marie-Jeanne, to whose welfare she devotes herself with absolute singleness of purpose. The girl must be provided for first, and the mother's marriage would injure the prospect of a desirable match for the daughter. The American, Stangy, declines to wait any longer and departs, leaving Mme. Revel unhappy, but stoically determined to do her maternal duty at any cost.

Marie-Jeanne falls in love and marries against the consent and protests of her mother. The young gentleman is unsuccessful in his ventures and dissipates the dowry and all his capital. Bankruptcy confronts him, but he can be saved by Mme. Revel's mother, who has considerable money, but is determined to keep it intact for her daughter and granddaughter, to insure them against misery. She is pleaded with, entreated to come to the aid of the granddaughter's husband, but in vain. She adheres to her resolution.

Marie-Jeanne adores her husband, and his troubles affect her deeply. Consumption, too, develops in her at this time. To save her the mother is ready for any sacrifice, any desperate act. She writes to her former American suitor, imploring his aid. No response comes, however, and the old grandmother persisting in her refusal, both Marie-Jeanne and her mother regard her as a wretched, senile egotist. What right has she to her money—she who should have died before this and freed the hands of the younger generation, with whose ways and purposes she can have no sympathy?

Mme. Revel knows where the old lady keeps her securities. She manages to steal them, but, as it turns out, to no useful end. Nothing remains now except to resort to the supreme, the capital crime. Marie-Jeanne must leave Paris and go into the Alps. Her mother is determined to go with her, and the grandmother, not wishing to separate herself from Mme. Revel, insists on accompanying them. The family physician tells them that the old lady must stay in Paris, that she is suffering from a certain disease which would make the mountain air and cold absolutely and speedily fatal to her. But as she alone has the means to defray the expense of the trip and makes her going a condition of doing so, the truth is cruelly withheld from her.

All three depart for Magola. There Mme. Revel meets her former suitor, who offers to save Marie-Jeanne. The mother dreams of the happiness she has longed for, but, alas! the American has married another in the meantime. Marie-Jeanne abandons her mother, and goes with her husband to America. Mme. Revel almost broken-hearted

over this ingratitude and indifference, throws herself into the arms of her mother, crying, "I have no one but you now!" But—she is too late. The homicidal Alps have killed the grandmother. At that very instant she expires of her secret heart trouble—a sacrifice, and a vain one. Her devotion had been spurned, just as Mme. Revel's worship of her own child was by the latter.

The most elaborate review of the play is that of the well-known critic René Doumic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He praises the technique, the rapidity of the action, the severe simplicity of the dialogue, and the general conception of this tragedy of bourgeois life, though its realism is too hard and unrelieved by human sentiment. He makes, however, two general criticisms. Logically, he says, the play is open to exception. Mme. Revel is intended to represent an average person, not a maniac of maternity, and only maniacs are capable of such violent and extreme deeds. Average people love their children, and will do much for them, but they will stop this side of crime. Yet Mme. Revel is led to theft, forgery and assassination! We do not, on examining ourselves, admit that this is possible in ordinary families and in every-day life.

M. Doumic points out that while the affections descend and do not ascend, it nevertheless is true that both in French and English and other modern life, parents and grandparents are seen to be surrounded by a delicate and thoughtful tenderness in a sweet and cordial atmosphere. The drifting away of children from parents is an accepted law of sacrifice. The children go forth to devote themselves to others as their parents have devoted themselves to them, and parents can do no better than wish them good-speed. M. Doumic recognizes the novelty and progressive character of the play, while French critics in general declare that Hervien has shown how rich the narrowest life is in material for real and poignant tragedy.

A BUD'S EXPENSES.

WHAT A GOTHAM SOCIETY GIRL COSTS PER YEAR.

IN order that Dorothy Quincy Roosevelt (according to the *New York Sun*) should have the allowance from the estate of her uncle, Frank Roosevelt, raised from the \$1,500 a year she has been getting to \$3,000 a year, Referee William J. A. McKim took evidence going to show what expenses are necessary for a woman of her seventeen years in accordance with her social standing. Her mother, Kate Shippen Roosevelt, petitioned for the increase. The father of the girl, Hilborne L. Roosevelt, died a number of years ago, and before the death of his brother, Frank Roosevelt, who died on February 2, 1895. Frank Roosevelt left his estate to his three brothers, Cornelius, Hilborne and J. West Roosevelt, or their issue. The share of Dorothy Quincy Roosevelt, which she will receive at age, is about \$100,000. The trustee of the fund is W. Emlen Roosevelt.

Mrs. Roosevelt testified that she has six tutors for her daughter, who is being instructed in German, French, Italian, elocution, dancing, golf, tennis and riding, and belongs to several dancing classes and bathing clubs. Aside from special teachers she has a governess.

Q. What amount do you consider necessary for the support and maintenance of your daughter in the style of living to which she has been accustomed? A. That is very hard to say, but I need the additional allowance and I think \$3,000 is fully necessary in addition to what I can do for her.

Q. So that in addition to \$3,000 you will find it necessary to add considerable out of your own property for her support and maintenance? A. Yes, sir, very considerable.

Mrs. Roosevelt said that since the allowance of \$1,500 had been granted in 1897, her daughter's expenses had greatly increased and that aside from the ordinary home expenses there had been large disbursements for traveling abroad.

Q. Have you any special plans for the future with reference to your daughter? A. We expect to entertain a great deal more on her account and the cost of living for the next three or four years will be more than it is at present.

Q. Do you intend to travel with her? A. Not at present.

Q. Do you consider travel part of the liberal education of a young lady in her position? A. I do.

Q. Aside from all these things isn't it true that a young lady in good society in New York has constant necessary incidental expenses going on all the time? A. Yes, sir. One of the largest items of expense is her cab hire. She has to hire cabs going out and coming home.

Q. You mean to places where she has been invited socially? A. Yes sir.

Q. Isn't it true that a great deal of social life which young ladies in New York see and where they are invited is where gentlemen are not invited, parties and receptions? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And ladies who are invited are under social obligations to reciprocate? A. Yes, sir. That is true.

Q. It is a social necessity, is it not? A. It is.

Referee McKim reported in favor of the increase of allowance.

WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

I WAS busy with my plowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opens to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I WAS busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy toil thou hast but moiling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I WAS busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I HAD gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.

Solomon Solis-Cohen.

SUMMER SHOWS.

AT THE DELMAR.

The waltz-song habit is the distinguishing characteristic of the twin sisters *Girofle* and *Girofla*, according to Miss Berri's impersonation at the Delmar this week. Usually their fondness for the swaying rhythm is gratified by the twice-delivered effusive, greetings to "dearest papa" *Bolero* and the passionate apostrophe to sparkling wine, "this drink divine;" but this *Girofle*, apparently, is insatiable and further indulges her passion for three-four time by a vocal soliloquy in which she likens unto the violet her "love."

However, though this seems like working a good thing over-time, Miss Berri does it so pleasantly and sings so brilliantly, that on Sunday night her audience cried for more after every one of the four waltzes. The prima donna, in addition to exceptionally effective singing, had some clever acting movements, though, in professional parlance she "fell down" most disappointingly in the drinking scene.

In fact, the performance, notwithstanding what seems an almost ideal cast, was full of disappointments and, as a whole, fell woefully flat. Fine individual work was done by Frank Moulan, than whom a better *Bolero* can scarcely be imagined, and Blanche Chapman, who was superb as the shrewish *Aurora*. Gordon, too, was irreproachable as *Marasquin*. His voice seemed more luscious than ever, and he acted with spirit. Clark in *Marasquin* has a part built along the lines in which he has achieved most success. Miss Paul was a most pulchritudinous *Pedro*. Manager Southwell would have a difficult task if he tried to find another light opera soubrette who makes so stunning an appearance.

John Martin and Miss Vail capably cared for small parts.

And still the performance was slow, straggly, disjointed, and altogether unsatisfactory.

Reprehensibly lax stage-management was the cause.

COWLES AND OTHERS.

That magnificent bass of Eugene Cowles is raising the rafters from Col. Hopkins' pavilion at Forest Park Highlands, this week. That Mr. Cowles is a favorite with St. Louisans, though probably less known than some other Bostonians, is proved by the immense audiences which he is drawing and the rounds of applause with which he is received and dismissed. The Pony Ballet is doing its utmost to make Mr. Lederer feel very sorry that he allowed the attraction to escape from New York. Their dancing is unique and they are the smartest, best-shaped, spryest females who have been seen here in a long time. A big card also are the Colinos, four high-class dancers, in a novel terpsichorean effort. Mazuz and Mazett in their "Tramp and Brakeman" specialty, and Kerns and Cole, German dialect comedians, contribute the fun element to the show.

AT THE CAVE.

Maurice Freeman and his clever company have certainly caught on in their "fresh fields and pastures new" at Uhrig's Cave. Goodly audiences nightly have been the rule and the matinees have been well attended by the fair sex. This week the bill is the strong romantic play "Because I Love You" and, as the title suggests, it is replete with

heart interest, and is yet not devoid of comedy. The band concerts in the garden both before and after each performance are a pleasing innovation at the Cave and the singing of Floy Hunt, a 14-year-old boy soprano, with a voice of wonderful range, flexibility and technique, gains much applause.

The Lounger.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

Mr. Short, of the Olympic and Century Theatres, having returned from his vacation, announces in the daily papers the bookings for both houses, without, however, specifying the order in which the attractions will appear. Both theatres are being newly furnished, but Mr. Short does not say that the fearful and wonderful curtains with the advertisements on them are to go. The bookings are here condensed from the *Globe-Democrat*.

The season at the Olympic will open with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in *A Modern Crusoe*, September 1, and at the Century, September 15, with the Burgomaster. "Ben Hur," which ran whole seasons in New York and Boston, will be seen here the first half of the season in an extended engagement. Annie Russell also comes early in the season. For several years she has been booked toward the end of the season and has canceled because of the warm weather at that period. Sir Henry Irving will pay St. Louis a visit, presenting "Coriolanus" and other plays. Joseph Jefferson will also come after an absence of two years. Mr. Crane, who skipped St. Louis last year, is booked for an early date. The splendid Chinese musical play, "San Toy," will be seen here for the first time. Charles Hawtree, in "A Messenger from Mars," will come from England. Mrs. Le Moynes, whose work and that of her associates in the Browning play, "In a Balcony," was the choicest offering last year, will be seen in her new play, "The First Duchess of Marlboro," and the comedy, "The Greatest Thing in the World." Mr. Willard returns with a repertory. John Drew is announced. Mary Mannering will come again, and her husband, Mr. Hackett, is also on the book. Julia Marlowe will be among the most welcome visitors. Viola Allen's great popularity in St. Louis assures her a cordial reception. Mr. Southern has fully recovered his health and is to be seen here. Other engagements are: the Empire stock company, "Away Down East," "The Sign of the Cross," Tim Murphy, Chauncey Olcott, "Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Foxy Quiller," "Are You a Mason?" Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels, "Under Two Flags," "Lovers' Lane," Ward and Vokes, Blanche Walsh, the Four Cohans, James O'Neill, "Princess Chic," "The Christian," William Collier, Anna Held, "Arizona," the Roger Brothers, Magician Kellar, Stuart Robson, "The County Fair," Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, "The Messenger Boy," Bertha Galland, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon and David Warfield.

The German theatrical attractions this season will be presented in the new 14th St. Theater, which is being handsomely fitted up for the purpose. Performance will be given Sunday and Wednesday nights beginning October 6, the company going to Belleville on Thursday nights. The company will be composed of many of last season's players, together with some new blood. These latter will be Lulu Euler, from Hanover; Bertha Mosch, from the German theater at Cleveland; Adolph Teleky, from the Irving Place

A BOOK NOVELTY.

The complete works of Dickens and Thackeray in the "New Century Library."

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THE FASTEST
GROWING STORE
IN AMERICA.



BROADWAY
AND
WASHINGTON,
ST. LOUIS.

theater, New York, and Franz Reinhard, from Magdeburg. The other members of the company will be George Heinemann, Ferdinand Welb, Rudolph Horsky, Gustav Hilmer, Johannes Paulson, Adolph Schliepach, Wilhelm Geiser, Max Herrmann, Margarethe Neumann, Leona Bergere, Louise Pellmann, Grethe Maertens, Victoria Welb-Markham, Lillie Altmann and Alice Rautenberg. Eugene Rautenberg has been engaged as director of the orchestra.

THEN AND NOW.

In
days
long
ago (in
the six-
ties you
know) when
Grandma
went walking
she held
her skirts so.

What
would she
say if she
saw girls
to-day with
skirts
clutched
so tight-
ly they
all
look
this
way.

—New York Sun.

Irate Passenger (having caught the car on the dead run)—"Suppose I had missed my footing and had a leg cut off?"

Conductor—"You wouldn't have to run no more; we got orders to stop for cripples."—*Boston Journal*.

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

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Clothing-Construction.

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"Mrs. Newbride isn't at all satisfied with her husband's salary."

"No; she says it isn't nearly so good as her father used to make."—*Boston Journal*.

SOCIETY.

Mermond & Jaccards, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. Sigmund Baer and his family are at Atlantic City.
Miss Frances Inez Stickney has gone to the Wisconsin lakes.
Mrs. Festus J. Wade and her children are at the Chicago Beach Hotel.
Miss Rose Marie Conrad has returned from a visit to friends in Bloomington.
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stockton have gone to the fashionable resorts in Colorado.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boogher, of West Pine boulevard, are visiting in Chicago.
Mrs. Laura C. Garesche and her son, Mr. Alexander Garesche, are at Atlantic City.
Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., is visiting Mrs. G. H. Hunt, of the West End.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hale Scarritt have returned from their vacation at Ottawa Beach.
Mrs. Franklin Armstrong and her daughter, Miss Adele Armstrong, are at Atlantic City.
Mrs. Russell Gardiner and her children are among the St. Louisans at Piasa Chautauqua.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Merrem went to St. Paul by steamer last week. Thence they go East.
Mrs. J. W. Allison and Miss Frances Allison, are spending the month of August at Annisquam, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Meyer and their niece, Miss Lottie Heit, left Friday last for Colorado.
Judge and Mrs. Louis P. Paquet of New Orleans, have left St. Louis for the Buffalo Exposition.
Mrs. B. F. Lasher, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting Mrs. Forrest Dudley High of North Euclid Avenue.
Mrs. J. W. Hart, accompanied by Mrs. Walter Medart and Miss Minnie Medart, are at Charlevoix, Mich.
Mrs. Otto Forster and her daughter, Miss Marie Forster, have returned from an extended Eastern tour.
Mrs. R. L. Holland, of Delmar boulevard, is entertaining the Misses Sobra and Gov. Johnson, of Fulton, Mo.
Miss Julia Cabanne, of Vernon avenue, is visiting her uncle, Captain George Good, in Yellowstone Park.
Mr. and Mrs. Amadee Reyburn, upon returning from their summer outing, will occupy their new home in Hortense place.
Miss Lillie Anheuser, returned from the East, has joined her sisters, Misses Dorothy and Edmee Anheuser, at Breese, Ind.
Mrs. James K. Jennings, of Windsor place, and her daughter, Miss Sara Jennings, have returned from a Western tour.
Mrs. Edward Rines, of Gainesville, Texas, is visiting Mrs. Rines' daughter, Mrs. A. F. Hopkins, of 483 Morgan street.
Mrs. Felix Coste has gone to visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Wilkins, of Los Angeles, California, at Long Beach, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Pallen left on Tuesday evening for New Orleans, thence to Buffalo, returning via the lake resorts.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sprague, of Sedalia, who have returned from the Wisconsin lake resorts, are now visiting relatives in St. Louis.
Mrs. Robert Reilly and her daughter, Miss Florida Reilly, at Atlantic City, will be joined this week by Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch.
Miss M. Kaufman, accompanied by her mother, will leave this week to join Mr. Ben Kaufman of Cincinnati, in a tour of the Eastern watering places.
Mr. Frank W. Humphrey, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Odelle Humphrey, and his sons, Messrs. Hackett and Brighton, left last week for the old homestead near Boston.
Miss Lucille Overstolz has been entertaining Miss Lulu Andrews, of Texas, for some weeks. Lieut. Andrews, the young lady's brother, will arrive this week, and escort his sister home. Miss Overstolz will accompany them.
The marriage of Miss Bessie Culp to Mr. Charles Bennet took place Wednesday evening, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Culp, of 468 Page boulevard. Miss Vanda Rinkel served the bride as maid of honor.
Mrs. Harriet Pitman, whose engagement to Mr. J. Miller was announced a short time ago, has set September 12th for her marriage. It will be a quiet church affair. They will reside with Mrs. Annette C. Cheney, at 4330 Maryland Avenue.
Mrs. Celeste Pim, after a leisurely trip to Buffalo via the Northern lakes, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Kay, of Chicago, went to Springfield, Mo., to be present at the unveiling of the Confederate monument. Mrs. Dexter Crosby, of 3713 Olive street, accompanied her.

LADIES RIDING ASTRIDE.

According to the New York Tribune, a society woman, who knows her world, says that the fashion of riding astride will undoubtedly obtain vogue in the very near future, and if a conventional costume had been definitely decided upon, this summer would have seen the radical change. Opinions so far, however, are rather at variance—not about the ultimate outcome of the discussion, for that seems a foregone conclusion, but as to what dress will finally be adopted by the fashionable set. Smart women are decidedly opposed to the divided skirt, which they say makes one ridiculous. The costume which obtains the most favor, and which will probably ultimately be adopted, is a long coat, cut like a man's covert coat, coming to just below the knees, the legs being incased in the regulation riding boots. When mounted, the coat, which, like men's coats, has a slit in the back, hangs only a little shorter than the fashionable riding skirt of to-day, and, when the fair equestrienne dismounts, is nearly as long as a short golf skirt. Nothing could be more modest or suitable for those who, for safety and comfort's sake, have elected to defy prejudice and ride like men. As time goes on, the long mooted dress reform movement seems, in the fashionable world at least, to resolve itself into a question of suitability. And the next decade will undoubtedly see recognized dresses for every occasion. A woman shopping or walking in the street will wear, as she does for bicycling or golf, a short, scant skirt. In the evening, and for carriage visits, she will never give up the trailing gowns that she loves. The side-saddle in the next generation bids fair to become as obsolete as the corset is becoming already, as it should be, a comfortable support, not an instrument of torture. In short, women will be sensible when it is necessary, but will indemnify themselves by dressing more gorgeously and fancifully than ever for functions that call for fine raiment. And why should they not? A woman who does not love clothes can hardly be womanly.

Madame Scuderi said: "Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterward." Both parties to marriage should try to cultivate good humor. One way to keep good-humored is to have one's feet well shod. Buy your shoes at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. Swope's shoes are the best. They fit well, look well, wear well. You pay a good price for them but you "get your money's worth."

Beauty's greatest hardship: "Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

INDIGNANT: Buzzer—"Come and go fishing." Buzzer—"How dare you ask me to go fishing on Sunday; besides, I have to play golf."—Ohio State Journal.

One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

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FROM OUR Stationery Department,

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OFFER NO. 1—Consists of 100 sheets and 50 envelopes of fine writing paper, with one or two letters stamped in any color, for only \$1.25
Or same quality of paper and envelopes, not stamped, for..... 65c



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A monogram die of three letters, like any of the styles here shown, stamped on 100 sheets of our

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FOR THE BOOKISH.

Mr. M. P. Moody, Manager of the American Baptist Publication Society, announces their removal from 316 N. Eighth street, to 902 Olive. Their new store, which is now being handsomely decorated, will be opened to the public, August 15th. The neat oak shelves with their tastefully arranged assortment of books and other publications combine to make a very attractive display. This Society is well known, having been in business in St. Louis for over thirty years. When in their new quarters they will increase their stock and operate upon a more elaborate scale than formerly. Besides carrying all the latest fiction, periodicals, etc., they will open a stationery department. Everything appertaining to a book and stationery store will be obtainable at the American Baptist Publication Society's new place of business. Remember the number, 902 Olive Street.

AGE OF LESS.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl,
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given.
Though the only lunch his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a "side" of stringless beans,
He puffs a tobaccoless cigarette,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.—Boston Herald.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S HOUSE.

Little by little, as in all other modern cities, Rome is changing, and precious landmarks are disappearing in many cases against the will of the inhabitants, but artistic considerations must sometimes give way to public convenience. At present it is the house of Michael Angelo which is in question. The monument to Victor Emmanuel is now proceeding apace, and with it the consequent widening of the Corso, and

in the way of this stands the historic house. The last twenty years—and among the most interesting—of the illustrious artist were spent here, as it was during that period that his charming friendship with the poetess Vittoria Colonna took place, and it was here he wrote his sonnets whose inspiration she was, and here that he made his last designs.

On a cold day in February, 1561, he died, an old man, and was taken to the Church of the SS. Apostoli, not far off, which stands next the Colonna palace. In the church is still to be seen the statue of Michael Angelo on the tomb where it was intended to lay him. Modern criticism declares that it was not intended for him, but the features certainly answer to what we know, even to the nose broken by Torrigiano, before he went to pursue his heated career in England. The house was for long revered for its associations, but was eventually lost sight of, and only unearthed, so to speak, in 1866, to be later marked by a commemorative tablet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The finest silk umbrellas, with the most beautiful and stylish handles, \$1.95 to \$40, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

The new name for it: "My wife was up doing missionary work early this morning." "No!" "Yes; she was looting my pockets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE COMPTON SCHOOL

FOR THE

Physiological Training of Children of Retarded Mentality,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Will open Wednesday, September 4th, 1901.
For particulars, address,
MISS FANNY A. COMPTON,
4562 Scott Avenue, St. Louis.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

A NEW WAY OUT.

I

The Parting.

Scene One: Miss Tot Jones at home and entertaining Mr. Ted Brown.

Miss Jones: Well, Ted, I don't see why you need look so glum. You know well enough I've been out six seasons, and mamma simply cannot afford to keep me in gowns for another. I've got to get married this summer—it's a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Brown (gloomily): Well, I guess I'd better do it, too. There's that Isaacs girl—slathers of money she's got.

Tot: Ugly as sin.

Ted: But a divine figure.

Tot (sarcastically): Yes, I hear her dot is in six figures.

Ted (rising): Well, that's all there is to it, then. Let's say good-bye, now. Perhaps we may meet, at somebody's dinner or somewhere, next winter.

Tot (with tears in her baby-blue eyes): Don't go yet.

Enter China-boy.

C. B.: Mr. Barnacle Murphy is in the reception room.

Ted (grabbing his hat): Well, good-bye.

Tot (appealingly): Oh, don't go—I—I won't accept him.

Ted (as he rushes out of the door): You might just as well.

II

The Betrothals.

Notes in Daily Paper:

"The engagement is announced of Miss Tot Jones and Mr. Barnacle Murphy. Miss Jones is one of the handsomest blondes in society and has been a belle in the Southern set for several seasons. It was once rumored that she was to marry young Brown, son of the ex-Confederate general of that name, but the rumor was doubtless only idle gossip. Mr. Murphy is one of the greatest catches of the season, a multi-millionaire with any number of beautiful homes all over the United States. He has a yacht and a string of blooded horses. He has been married twice, and Miss Jones will find herself the step mother of two grown sons and four daughters."

"At last Miss Leah Isaacs has surrendered her heart and promised her hand, the lucky man being Mr. Edward Sylvester Brown, familiarly known about town as Ted Brown. Miss Isaacs is one of the richest heiresses in California. Mr. Brown has no private fortune, but his blood is of the bluest."

III

The Temptation.

From the Weekly Gossip: "The gifts lavished upon Miss Jones, since her engagement to Mr. Murphy was announced, have been pouring in at a marvelous rate. She has already received six diamond bracelets, a ruby necklace, silverware galore, and all sorts of priceless gems. She will feel like a Princess, when arrayed in all this magnificence."

IV

The Dalliance.

From Miss Jones to Mr. Brown:

"Teddy, honey boy,

I can't marry that old thing. He simply sickens me every time I look at him. Can't

you make a break and rescue me? Your own, TOTTIE."

Message from Mr. Brown to Miss Jones: "Don't see how I can shake Isaacs. We might elope, but where's the dough to come from? T."

V

The Crime

A fashionable young woman, heavily veiled, visits a gentleman called Uncle Morris, in his private office. When she goes in, carries a heavy package and looks sad. When she comes out is minus the package but looks jubilant.

VI

The Deception.

Miss Jones is the guest of honor at a garden party given by Mrs. Robinson of Belvedere. Miss Jones makes one of a party that goes out in small boats for a row. Mr. Brown is also of the party. Somehow, the boat containing Miss Jones and Mr. Brown gets out of sight of the others. Some hours later it is discovered floating bottom upward with a hole staved through its bottom. Later a hat is washed ashore, a hat recognized as having been worn by Mr. Brown. Miss Jones' veil and parasol are the next things found. There is no doubt that both were drowned. The papers chronicle the sad ending of a happy day. Miss Isaacs and Mr. Murphy go into heavy mourning for their lost fiancés.

VII

The Curtain.

The next day's papers contain news of an equally sensational nature. The day of the garden party a burglar entered the home of Miss Jones and abstracted from her jewel case all the magnificent wedding gifts that had been sent to Mrs. Barnacle Murphy-elect. Detectives were put on the scent of the thief but discovered nothing.

VIII

The Fruition.

On the evening of the day of the drowning and the robbery, a fair young woman and an athletic youth might have been seen dining at a small roadside inn in Marin county.

"And now we can be happy," said the young woman.

"But what on?" asked her tete-a-tete.

"Why this, of course," and the words were accompanied with a glimpse of piles of gold slumbering in a strong leather handbag.

To still his round-eyed wonder she added: "I'll explain later."

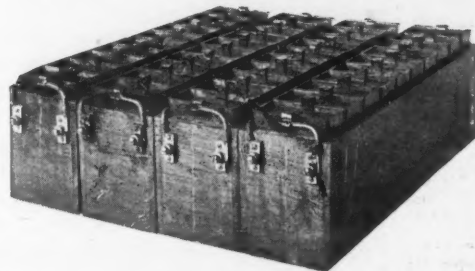
—San Francisco Town Talk.

CURE FOR ST. VITUS.

St. Vitus's dance, the most dreaded of nervous disorders, and generally looked upon as practically incurable, has at last yielded to the skill of a distinguished Paris physician, Dr. Huyghe, of the Faculte de Medicine, who has just discovered a cure as admirable for simplicity as remarkable for effectiveness. Dr. Huyghe's method consists simply in partially chloroforming the patient and administering vigorous massage over the entire body, after which the mem-

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bers most affected are placed in splints, so that no movement is possible. At the end of six days the splints are removed, and if the slightest nervous twitching is observable, the treatment is renewed. This method has never failed. It has restored to absolute control patients who had for twenty years despaired of relief. It is, moreover, painless, involving no risks, as the chloroform is so slight as rarely to produce anaesthesia.

Kindergarten Teacher (trying to point out to children of the crowded districts the beauties of the rainbow)—"Children, what have you ever seen in the sky that was all different colors?" Lizzie—"The wash, ma'am."—Life.

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NEW BOOKS.

Lisle de Vaux Matthewman's "Crankisms" is a collection of satirical aphorisms the sharply applicable meanings of which are illustrated by a series of freely clever and fanciful drawings by Mr. Clare Victor Dwiggins, formerly with the *Post-Dispatch*, of this city. Some of these quips are acidly cynical, some are the very essence of the witty, many are unctuously humorous. They all point out one's failings with a sort of unexpectedness of subtle observation and interpretation, and in almost every instance the reader is startled by the fit of the "cap." It makes one wince. "Crankisms" compels reflection and a little mild self-analysis, and, all in all, is very entertaining. [Henry T. Coats & Co., Philadelphia.]

"The Wisdom of Esau," by Messrs. C. H. Chomley and R. R. Outhwaite, tells the story of two frontiersmen of Australia, and their trouble with the corrupt officials and dummy applicants for public favor. Some of the descriptions of Australian frontier life, and the peculiarities of custom and law in that new land are highly graphic. The incident of a forest fire is rendered with a fine sense of literary and dramatic effect. The story, as a story, is, however, rather tiresome than otherwise. It is too involved, and the pettiness of much of the material is disappointing. When the authors strike out from the domestic story into wilder incidents they show their capacity for rushing narrative, but these thrilling patches are too rare. The story terminates too abruptly and so many of the character's fates are left to conjecture, and one has to wade through so much superfluous matter that it spoils the effect of the descriptions. One never determines exactly why the book should be entitled, "The Wisdom of Esau," for if there be an Esau it is not clear that he was very wise, and taken altogether it may be said fairly that the authors might have contrived to write a more satisfactory account of their Australian heroes than is presented in this volume. [Cassell & Co., New York. Price \$1.25.]

"The Golden Tooth," a detective story by J. Maclaren Cobban, is rather complicated in its unfolding. The hero, *Will Lomas*, is arraigned on circumstantial evidence for the murder of one, *Mr. Kesteven*, with whom, two evenings previous to the crime, he had

had a quarrel. A retired detective, and a stranger to *Mr. Lomas*, for no apparent reason, takes the case in hand and ferrets out the real criminals and then, being satisfied with having cleared the hero, aids the ones he has caused to be brought to justice to escape to a foreign country. Among other discoveries, the detective finds that *Will's* father is not his father but his uncle; his aunt is his mother, the murdered man his half-brother, the latter's step-mother is a bigamist, so is his father and the whole thing is a confused conglomeration, a muddle. A number of the happenings are unexplainable and in one or two instances where this deficiency is most glaring the author confesses he doesn't know how it occurred, he only knows it was as he has chronicled it. *Mr. Cobban's* theme is old, worn threadbare, almost. The only originality displayed is in the jumbling of the characters' relations. The diction shows haste and the author has written better though it is likely he will never write a worse story than "The Golden Tooth." [F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. Price \$1.25.]

FOUND HIS METIER.

One of the Chicago park commissioners had compelled the park superintendent to put on the pay-roll a lazy ward-heeler. The commissioner met the superintendent a week or two later and asked: "Well, how's that man I gave you coming along? Did you find a place for him where he could work according to his—um—ability?"

"Oh, yes," said the superintendent, cheerfully. "I found the place for that man. I didn't think I could at first, but, by George, there is one thing that man can do better than any one else employed in this park." "Well, well," said the commissioner, brightening up; "I told you he was good for something or other, but you wouldn't believe it. I knew if you tried you could find the right sort of a place for him. What have you set him at?"

"Chasing snails off the walks," replied the superintendent.

The commissioner retired.

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TO MAKE PERFECT GIRLS.

A girls' school where the ologies are tabooed and where mathematics is an unknown terror has been for several years a flourishing institution in the beautiful county of Kent, England. The one aim of this school is to develop girls into physical perfection, and nothing is allowed to interfere in the smallest degree with the attainment of this object. A Chicago matron whose 6-year-old daughter has just begun a two-year course there is of the opinion that her child will graduate into a happier woman than many a seminary girl who has burned midnight oil, which, by the way, is an unheard-of abomination in the Kent school. The founder and head of the school is a Swedish woman, who has attained a high position as an authority on physical culture and who had broad experience as a teacher in London before she opened her college, which is backed by several well known English women.

Every applicant submits to a medical examination, and if organic disease is found is not accepted as a pupil, but if there is nothing more serious out of order than nerves, digestion, circulation, etc., the girl is admitted, provided there is a vacancy for her. Her corsets come off at once and are not put on again during the two years. She does not don a hat from the hour she enters the school until the hour she leaves, no matter how bad the weather may be. Her diet is liberal, but strictly hygienic, and any exceptions in it are made only by the physician's orders. She wears a uniform, consisting of a loose blouse of dark blue wool with knickerbockers and a light-weight knee kilt, black woolen stockings and low tan shoes. She goes to bed every night at 9 and gets up at 6, and unless it is actually storming she spends almost every moment of the day in the open air. Simple instruction in anatomy is given, and the pupil is taught to swim, row, ride horse and wheel, run, vault, play cricket, tennis and hockey. The applications for admission are always far in advance of accommodations, and steps are being taken for large extension of the school. —*Chicago Chronicle*.

"Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bosting.

"Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter. —*Detroit Free Press*.

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THE KAISER'S BEARD.

The kaiser's resolve to let his big mustache droop over his lips and to raise a beard has stirred the pedant officers of both army and navy. It was their pride to emulate their sovereign in his odd hirsute adornment. Hitherto they have taken great care in trimming the ends of their mustaches and those who could raise the points highest on the cheeks were envied in their respective regiments. As the Kaiser sets the fashion for his soldiers, the army barbers will be called on to introduce new trimmings of mustaches and beards. Two reasons are given for the Kaiser's style. In the first place, he has not been satisfied with his mustache since, in a fit of anger last year, he dismissed Friedrich Wallstein, the accomplished imperial barber. German barbers, after they become acquainted with their customers, are apt to grow too familiar. Wallstein, one day while shaving His Majesty, asked him what he thought of the situation in China. This so angered Wilhelm that he dismissed him on the spot, to the detriment of the imperial beauty, as he has learned since. In the second place, the Emperor is anxious to resemble his father, the late Kaiser Friedrich, whose long, flowing beard was the admiration of portrait artists. —*Chicago Chronicle*.

THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN.

RULES FOR HIS GUIDANCE.

Keep up the Illusion.

Don't settle down too obviously to married life. Be as eager to please her as you were before marriage. Aim to preserve the charm of the honeymoon.

Don't tell her she is illogical. She probably is, but she mustn't know it.

Don't be too reminiscent of the days before you knew her. From the battles in which you slew the Dragon she may reason to the struggles where you fell by the way-side.

Remember that the new life, which to you is merely an episode, is to her a complete revolution of thought and habit—an undiscovered country. Make allowances for her. The readjustment is not easy.

Treat her fairly, so that she will not deceive you.

Keep up the Illusion.

Tell her occasionally that you love her. She knows it, but she likes to hear it. She can't always take it for granted.

Start in the way you want to continue. Particularly in affairs of the purse. Never humiliate her by making her ask for money. Have a definite understanding at first. Money brings the discord that causes most family bells to jangle out of tune.

Be thoughtful in little things. A single rose may perfume a whole day.

Never remark casually that there are two standards, one for a man and another for a woman. Women sometimes put two and two together with surprising accuracy.

Remember her Woman's Instinct.

Be as polite to her mother as in you lies, without encouraging her to live with you. It pays in the end.

Give advice when you are asked for it, and not before. The unaided working out of her life problems may be well-nigh homicidal in the process, but the results will justify your forbearance.

Keep up the Illusion.

Tell her your sorrows as well as your joys. Two can bear trouble better than one. She is your wife, not your sister, and she loves you. You owe it to her. She may develop new power and grace with the knowledge.

Learn to bear with her occasional tears. Men must work and women must weep.

Never give her power over you by allowing her to see that you are jealous. This is fatal. Assume indifference if you have it not.

Don't embarrass her by adverse criticism of any kind before people. Make it a curtain lecture if it must be.

Don't forget to kiss her good-by.

Train her to be prepared for emergencies if she isn't that kind. Bring your friends home to dinner unexpectedly.

Smoke in the house if you want to, and bring the dogs in. She knew these things before she married you. Why sacrifice your innocent pleasures? Prove to her that marriage seldom reforms.

Make her feel that she is the only woman you have ever loved. This is very important. Don't tease her and then refuse to be teased yourself.

Don't talk business to her after she has been shopping all day. She has troubles of her own.

Treat her like a comrade and a friend, but never forget that she is, above all, a woman, who needs your utmost sympathy and protection.

Keep up the Illusion.

Don't be an ostrich. Cover your tracks as well as your head.

Ask her advice occasionally and take it sometimes on principle. It may be worth taking.

Never protest. Your zeal may o'er-leap itself and fall on the other side, if you do. Maintain a dignified and thoughtful silence.

Don't make the mistake of providing food, lodging and pin money for her poor relatives. How did they manage before you were married?

Cultivate your speaking voice. A few tender words aptly uttered in thrilling tones will calm her most violent feelings. Few women are proof against a properly-managed voice.

If you can't be frank, be as frank as you can.

Don't think she is flirting outrageously, when she is merely trying to be nice to your best friends to please you.

Don't tell her all the risqué stories you know. Reserve some of the worst and leave her a few sensibilities.

If you hurt her feelings—and you will—tell her you are sorry. An ounce of true repentance will banish many pounds of hurt.

Don't lose your temper when she does. Choose a more opportune moment. Some one must pilot the ship.

Remember that if you love each other, you can do with her as you will.

Above all, keep up the Illusion—if you can. It is worth while.—*Carolyn Shipman, in New York Life.*

HAPPY HUMPHREY HUBBARD.

Humphrey Hubbard had heard Hepzibah Huggins humming hymns hilariously, he having helped Hepzibah homeward. Humphrey hankered hugely, harboring handsome Hepzibah heartwise. He had high hawthorn hedges hiding his handsome house, harnessed horses hauling harrows, he hoeing hills, helping herdsmen, hewing hemlocks, hackling hemp, harvesting hops, hunting hawks, hurting hatching hens. Hepzibah, helpful housekeeper, hemmed handkerchiefs, hoarded honey hitherto hived, heeled hose having holes, handled harpsichord harmoniously; happy Hepzibah! Her honest, homely happiness hit Humphrey heavily. He hovered, handsomely habited, hinting humbly how Hepzibah had harried his heart. Hepzibah honored his hearty homage. Hating, however, haphazard taste, Hepzibah hung her head, halting, hemming, hawing, hoping Humphrey had harmless habits, hypocritical, hesitating Hepzibah! He held her hand hopefully, hungrily humoring her. Happily, Hepzibah heeded her hirsute hero. Hymen hitched Humphrey Hubbard-Hepzibah Huggins, he hugging her, happily hysterical! Henceforth husband helped housewife hop hornpipes, holding honeymoon holiday, hardly hearing harlequins howling hallelujahs, hailing housewarming. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The court room was hotter than the South in a sandstorm. The judge was a wreck, the jury had wilted.

"Your honor and gentlemen," said the attorney for the defense, "I will indulge in no heated argument, but proceed at once to marshal the cold facts."

And he won his case.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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His eyes are balls of polished steel;
His lungs are sponges dried;
His blood is bouillon-concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley-rope
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano chords—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—
A house of constant gloom,
For love can never burn within,
Because there isn't room.

His appetite has dwindled down
To fit his little food,
Till fruit is "water in a poke"
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—
He reads of them aghast,
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling, from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin,
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then, with a gulp, he swallows down
His dinner from the can—
This product of the health-food school
The concentrated man!

Aloysius Coll, in What to Eat.

Mother—"Sir, I hope my little boy doesn't
worry you by his fretting and crying; he
isn't well, or he wouldn't act so."

Dr. Man—"Oh, no; all children act that
way; I'm used to it—in fact, I haven't seen
a well child for twenty years.—*Detroit Free
Press.*

"I see that Masie has decorated her room
in the hotel with swords, guns, pistols and
foils."

"No wonder. She always was a great girl
for having arms around her."—*Boston
Journal.*

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QUITE A NUMBER: "Willie, whom did
George Washington marry?" "The widow
Custis, ma'am." "Had he any children?"
"Yes'm, the sons and daughters of the Rev-
olution."—*Life.*

KINLOCH OPENING.

The gates of Kinloch Park race track will be thrown open to the public next Saturday, and the clatter of many horses' hoofs will be heard on the golden yellow circle. It is conceded by everybody that the Kinloch track is the fastest in the world, on account of its peculiar construction. Records were daily broken on it last season, and then it was new. Since that time it has been ironed and this year it will be even faster than it was. Some phenomenally fast races may, therefore, be expected.

Col. John Davis, one of the best known turfmen in the West, has charge of the stables, and he is daily in receipt of telegrams from owners in Chicago, Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville and Memphis asking for stalls. He expects that by the time the flag is ready to fall for the first race there will be close onto a thousand classic thoroughbreds quartered there.

The Kinloch officers are all men of sterling integrity, and the character of the racing will be of a very high class. Scores of owners who have come under the ban of the outlaw rule in one way or another have applied for re-instatement, and Judge Murphy has gone to Chicago to attend a meeting of the Western Jockey Club and present their petitions. It is fully expected that Dale, Mooney and Gilmore, who are at outs with the Turf Congress, will be given licenses to ride at Kinloch. They will then have the pick of the boys.

From present indications the meeting will be of a superior order, the railroad and street car facilities will be better than ever, and there is no reason to doubt that a tremendous crowd will be at the park when the bell rings, the bugle blows and the flag falls for the first race on Saturday afternoon.

HORSE SENSE.

Every lover of horses—and may the tribe increase!—will appreciate the following. It is what a horse would say if he could speak. We think it first appeared in the *Farmer's Journal*.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't have me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't whip me if I get frightened along on the road, or I will expect t next time, and, maybe, make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you, the buggy, and myself, too. Try it yourself some time, run up a hill some time with a big load.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it half a minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get long.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't forget the old Book that is a friend to all the oppressed, and says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

YAWPS.

Yawps are of many kinds and degrees. Some Yawps have taken the full thirty-two degrees and are rated as Most High, Eminent and Exalted Yawps, while others are just mere every-day Yawps. A common specimen of the common Yawp may be seen on all picnic trains. He wears a sassy red handkerchief around his collar and has his hat worn over one ear. He walks back and forth through the train about 265 times and falls over everybody on the end seats. This Yawp seeks to create the impression that he is exceedingly tough, and he always talks about the terrible thirst that afflicts him. Another specie of common Yawp goes to the theater and rushes frantically out at the end of every act and comes back about four minutes after the next act has begun. The Yawp is always a member of every club, and he can invariably be found seated in the center of the room telling stories in an excited voice, that can be heard two miles and to which nobody wishes to listen. The Yawp always greets his friends by giving them a heavy poke in the back that makes them black and blue. He is a wise man, is the Yawp, and he knows it all, and tells it all, and people would be so glad if he would fall off the Masonic temple.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"JOE" COOK.

The late Fiavius Josephus Cook was long on faith and short on love. That is to say, he lacked sweetness, generosity, sincerity—the qualities that win men's lasting confidence in a preacher. He carried an audience of non-thinkers by storm, but the scholars distrusted him, and when the people began to see through his "gallery plays," his hold upon the public loosened. For ten years he was the the successful Boanerges of the "Monday Pop" lecture platform. The thundering champion of orthodoxy, he rode down science and discussed dogmatically, in "preludes," all things in heaven and earth, once a week, with advantage to his pocket and fame. As Barrett Wendell put it:

"He said things with a bang."

That was a lifelong characteristic. Walking through the college yard with the present writer one day, Cook suddenly stopped, seized his astonished companion by the arm, glared at him and cried:

"Do you see that blade of grass? It is a miracle."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white:

"O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile ob salvashun and sot him on fire."—*Roanoke News*.

No. 1: "How did Dick get run over?"
No. 2: "He was picking up a horseshoe for luck."

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

A collector of bad accounts received a lesson from a delinquent debtor a few days ago that has started him to thinking a bit. The collector had been chasing this delinquent for about six months and had become tired of "Call to-morrow," "I haven't it just now," and other excuses of a similar dilatory nature, and thought it was time to become "sassy."

"See here," he said the last time he called, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes," replied the delinquent, "I suppose I will pay it some day or other. But look here yourself, young man, I think I can show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that bundle?"

"About forty, I guess."

"How long does it take you to visit these people?"

"Generally, I can get over my route in a day."

"Suppose everyone of them should pay up?"

"That would be fine!"

"Oh, it would, would it? What would you do for a living if everybody paid promptly?"

The collector turned the thought over in his mind for a moment or two and looked blank.

"Gracious!" he said, "I'd be out of a job!"

"That's exactly my point. Don't, therefore, be so infernally anxious to collect every cent due to your people at one time. A few collections a day are enough. As for my account, come around some day next week, and I may help you out of business by paying it. Good day."

BEYOND HER KEN.

"All that I am," he said, looking proudly at her, "I owe to my wife."

She loved him more at that moment than she ever had before. It was so noble of him to give her this high praise. She wanted to go right over to him and throw her arms around his neck. Then he raised his hat and rubbed the palm of one of his hands over his bald head.

An hour later she was still wondering what "those silly fools" had suddenly commenced to laugh at, and why they looked at her as if she were the cause of the joke.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Hello, central! Give me one trip nought, south."

"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero, south."

"Wh-a-t?"

"South one double nought nought."

"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand, south—ten hundred, south. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean south one ought double ought. All right."—*Exchange*.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

The action of Wall street stocks, in the past week, plainly indicated that the bears are no longer confident of their position and trying to cover whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. As a matter of fact, stocks have been sold to a standstill, and everything of a favorable nature is now being quickly reflected in values. While there is no prospect of any immediate resumption of bull activity, there is plenty of evidence to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that stocks are in strong hands and being absorbed on every little decline. The pools and syndicates are preparing for another bull campaign. If the market should at times have a weak appearance, do not be misled by it. It is to the interest of bull manipulators to depress prices and to frighten the public away from the market. After a good decline and a general shake-out, the market is always made as uninviting as possible; every inauspicious feature is magnified, until the public has become convinced that a further big break cannot be prevented and a panic may momentarily be expected. In the meantime the pools are "loading up" with stocks at profitable figures. When all necessary preparations have been made, the aspect of affairs changes with marvelous rapidity. Prices begin to climb; the public becomes once more excited, waits a little while to assure itself that no mistake is possible, and finally rushes in and buys at top figures, while the manipulators are selling. It is always the same old story; repeated every year with monotonous regularity. The experienced Wall street operator knows every foible of the dear public; he knows how to work the game with success and makes ample use of his knowledge. He has to, because he makes his living by it.

The market, at this writing, is once more in the hands of skillful operators. It may be see-sawing for a little while yet, but the end of the period of dullness and declining prices is rapidly approaching. The big fellows are coming back from their outings; they can detect no sign of coming business depression; they know that the discounting process has gone far enough and the outsider has been forced to let go. Everything is, therefore, ripe for another substantial upward movement. The late raids on Sugar and Peoples Gas shares were significant. They were entirely manipulative, undertaken for effect on the rest of the market. The prominent bears have changed their position; they are again arrayed on the bull side, because liquidation has been completed, and every little fellow, throughout the length and breadth of the country, has put out a short line of stocks. The bear side has become too popular and fashionable. Barring unforeseen developments of a serious nature, stocks will be considerably higher by September 1st. They have seen their lowest, and should be bought with confidence on every little reaction.

The bear attack on Peoples Gas was based, ostensibly, on rumors that the City of Chicago would institute suit against the concern to recover back taxes. There were also rumors of a suit for forfeiture of the company's charter. The stock dropped about eight points, but its movements had very little influence on the rest of the list. As a 6 per cent dividend-payer, Peoples Gas can not be regarded as a dear proposition at 110; two years ago it sold at 129½, when the late R. P. Flower was buying it for all it was worth. The only drawback to the stock is its past history. It is too much

manipulated and too much under political influence. Every Chicago alderman and legislative representative at Springfield is trying to "hold up" the company, or to rig the market for its shares. Peoples Gas should be left alone by the small speculator. The capitalist, however, will not make a mistake in buying the stock for a permanent investment. Compared with consolidated Gas, of New York, and other issues of its kind, Peoples Gas is an attractive investment at current prices. The company is doing well. While the surplus, in excess of the dividend requirements, is rather small, prospective reductions in expenses will widen the margin considerably.

The Government report on the condition of corn, on August 1st, was somewhat of a surprise to many Wall street men. It had been expected that the condition would be placed at about 65 per cent, but instead of that, the Government reported a condition of only 54 per cent, thus justifying the worst private estimates, and the prediction made in these columns, two weeks ago, that the corn crop this year would be 700,000,000 bushels short of that of last year, the total yield averaging about 1,400,000,000 bushels. However, the Government report had been fully discounted. This was plainly proved by the course of prices on Monday last. Competent authorities assert that the railroads will not suffer much in consequence of the corn crop shortage. This is also the opinion of Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern. The wheat crop will largely offset the corn deficit. Western railroads report an unprecedentedly large wheat movement in Kansas and Missouri, and earnings continue to show handsome gains from week to week.

Besides this, exports of wheat and flour are at present breaking all past records. They are far in excess of those of last year, and, according to reliable information, the extraordinary outward movement will continue for months to come. Wheat crops in Europe are very disappointing, and the American producer has it in his power to fix his own prices. A realization of this led to marked activity and a sharp advance in the Chicago wheat market in the last few days. Higher prices for wheat and corn will go far towards retrieving the corn disaster, and maintain a good trade balance in our favor. There is no use worrying any further about the corn crop; if you needs must worry, worry about something else, something that has not as yet been worn threadbare.

The steel strike seems to have lost its potency. Wall street is growing tired of it. The impression is strong that the troubles will end in a "fizzle," and that the Amalgamated is realizing its impotency. Strikes are not as popular nowadays as they used to be, and they will grow less numerous as the intellectual standard of workingmen advances. Strikes are brutal and barbarous, and more humane and efficacious methods of adjusting labor's grievances will be resorted to in the course of time. United States Steel stocks are exceedingly firm and well supported. Morgan is evidently backing them with all the resources at his command. Jas. R. Keene is acting as his lieutenant and displaying his customary skill and shrewdness in the management of the campaign.

There are rumors of gold exports in the next few days. Sterling exchange is strong, but the metal will probably not be shipped until the level of 4.88½ is reached. Optimists declare that the increasing supplies of grain and cotton bills will make the exportation of gold unnecessary. Consols are slowly rising in London; this is construed to

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

| | Coup. | When Due. | Quoted |
|--------------------|-------|---------------|--------------|
| Gas Co. 4 | J. D. | June 1, 1905 | 102 -104 |
| Park 6 | A. O. | April 1, 1905 | 110 -111 |
| Property (Cur.) 6 | A. O. | Apr 10, 1906 | 110 -111 |
| Renewal (Gld) 3.65 | J. D. | Jun 25, 1907 | 102 3/4 -103 |
| " 4 | A. O. | Apr 10, 1908 | 105 -107 |
| " 3 3/4 | J. D. | Dec., 1909 | 102 -103 |
| " 4 | J. J. | July 1, 1918 | 112 -113 |
| " 3 3/4 | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1919 | 104 -106 |
| " 3 3/4 | M. S. | June 2, 1920 | 104 -106 |
| " St. L. 100 4 | M. N. | Nov. 2, 1911 | 107 -109 |
| " (Gld) 4 | M. N. | Nov. 1, 1912 | 108 -109 |
| " 4 | A. O. | Oct. 1, 1913 | 108 -110 |
| " 4 | J. D. | June 1, 1914 | 109 -110 |
| " 3.65 | M. N. | May 1, 1915 | 104 -106 |
| " 3 3/4 | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1918 | 104 -105 |

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|--------------|--------------|
| Funding 6 | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1903 | 104 1/4 -106 |
| " 3 3/4 | F. A. | Feb. 1, 1921 | 102 -104 |
| School 5 | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1908 | 100 -102 |
| " 4 | A. O. | Apr 1, 1914 | 102 -105 |
| " 4 5-20 | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |
| " 4 10-20 | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 108 -105 |
| " 4 15-20 | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 104 -105 |
| " 4 | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 105 -106 |
| " 3 3/4 | J. J. | July 1, 1921 | 101 -103 |

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

| | When Due. | Price. |
|--------------------------------|-----------|------------------|
| Alton Bridge 5s | 1913 | 70 - 80 |
| Carondelet Gas 6s | 1902 | 100 -102 |
| Century Building 1st 6s | 1916 | 105 -105 1/2 |
| Century Building 2d 6s | 1917 | 100 - 60 |
| Commercial Building 1st | 1907 | 101 -103 |
| Consolidated Coal 6s | 1911 | 90 - 95 |
| Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10 | 1904 | 99 -101 |
| Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg. | 1928 | 104 1/2 -105 |
| Laclede Gas 1st 5s | 1919 | 109 -110 |
| Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s | 1929 | 115 1/2 -116 |
| Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s | 1930 | 113 -114 1/2 |
| Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s | 1921 | 117 -119 |
| Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s | 1927 | 94 1/2 - 95 |
| St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s | 1906 | 100 - |
| St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s | 1914 | 96 1/2 - 96 3/4 |
| St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s | 1910 | 92 - 94 |
| St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s | 1912 | 90 - 95 |
| St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s | 1919 | 104 1/2 -104 3/4 |
| Union Dairy 1st 5s | 1901 | 100 -102 |
| Union Trust Building 1st 6s | 1913 | 98 -101 |
| Union Trust Building 2d 6s | 1908 | 75 - 85 |

BANK STOCKS.

| | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price. |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| American Exch. | \$50 | June '01, 8 SA | 250 -251 |
| Boatmen's | 100 | June '01, 8 1/2 SA | 203 -206 |
| Bremen Sav. | 100 | July 1901 6 SA | 265 -270 |
| Continental | 100 | June '01, 8 1/2 SA | 225 -227 |
| Fourth National | 100 | May '01, 5 p.c. SA | 246 -252 |
| Franklin | 100 | June '01, 4 SA | 177 -180 |
| German Savings | 100 | July 1901, 6 SA | 290 -295 |
| German-Amer. | 100 | July 1901, 20 SA | 750 -800 |
| International | 100 | July 1901 1 1/2 qy | 145 -150 |
| Jefferson | 100 | July 01, 3 p.c. SA | 175 -180 |
| Lafayette | 100 | July 1901, 5 SA | 525 -575 |
| Mechanics' Nat. | 100 | July 1901, 2 qy | 230 -232 |
| Merch.-Laclede | 100 | June 1901, 1 1/2 qy | 232 -233 |
| Northwestern | 100 | July 1901, 4 SA | 130 -150 |
| Nat. Bank Com. | 100 | July 1901, 2 1/2 qy | 291 -295 |
| South Side | 100 | May 1901, 8 SA | 125 -128 |
| Safe Dep. Sav. Bk. | 100 | July 1901, 8 SA | 137 -140 |
| Southern com. | 100 | July 1900, 8 SA | 110 -115 |
| State National | 100 | July 1901 1 1/2 qy | 178 -180 |
| Third National | 100 | July 1901, 1 1/2 qy | 227 -230 |

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

| | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price. |
|--------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| Commonwealth | 100 | Forming..... | 294 -295 |
| Lincoln | 100 | June '01, S.A. 3 | 238 -239 |
| Miss. Va. | 100 | July '01, 2 1/2 qy | 395 -398 |
| St. Louis | 100 | July '01, 2 qy | 314 -316 |
| Title Trust | 100 | Nov. '01, 8 | 154 -155 |
| Union | 100 | Nov. '01, 8 | 335 -345 |
| Mercantile | 100 | July '01 Mo 75c | 394 -395 |

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

| | Coupons. | Price. |
|------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|
| Cass Av. & F. G. | J. & J. | 1912 102 -103 |
| 10-20s 5s | J. & J. | 1907 169 -111 |
| Citizens' 20s 6s | Dec. '88 | |
| Jefferson Ave. | M. & N. | 1905 105 -107 |
| 10s 5s | F. & A. | 1911 107 -108 |
| Lindell 20s 5s | J. & J. | 1913 117 -118 |
| Comp. Heights U.D. 6s | J. & J. | 1913 117 -118 |
| do Taylor Ave. 6s | M. & N. | 1896 105 -106 |
| Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s | Dec. '89 50c | |
| People's | J. & D. | 1912 98 -103 |
| do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s | M. & N. | 1902 98 -103 |
| do 2d Mtg. 7s | Monthly 2p | 100 - |
| St. L. & H. St. L. | J. & J. | 1925 103 -107 |
| do 1st 6s | M. & N. | 1910 100 1/2 -101 1/2 |
| St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s | J. & J. | 1913 102 -103 |
| do Baden-St. L. 5s | | 95 - 98 |
| St. L. & Sub. | F. & A. | 1921 105 -106 |
| do Con. 5s | M. & N. | 1914 117 -120 |
| do Cable & Wt. 6s | M. & N. | 1916 116 -117 |
| do Merimac Rv. 6s | | 1914 93 1/2 - 95 |
| do Incomes 5s | M. & N. | 1904 104 -106 |
| Southern 1st 6s | | 1909 106 -108 |
| do 2d 25s 6s | F. & A. | 1916 107 -108 |
| do Gen. Mfg. 5s | J. & D. | 1918 122 -123 |
| U. D. 25s 6s | July '01 1 1/2 | 81 - 81 1/2 |
| United Ry's Pfd. | J. & J. | 89 1/2 - 89 3/4 |
| " 4 p.c. 50s | | 26 1/2 - 27 1/2 |
| St. Louis Transit | | |

INSURANCE STOCKS.

| | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price. |
|----------------|----------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| American Cent. | 25 | July 1901, 4 SA | 57 1/2 - 59 1/2 |

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

| | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price. |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Am. Lin Oil Com. | 100 | Sept. 1900 1 1/2 | 28 - 29 |
| " Pfd. | 100 | Sept. 1900 1 1/2 | 62 - 63 |
| Am. Car-Pdry Co | 100 | July 1901 1/2 | 29 - 30 |
| " Pfd | 100 | July 1901 1 1/2 qy | 84 - 85 |
| Bell Telephone | 100 | July 1901 2 qy | 140 -145 |
| Bonne Terre F. C | 100 | May '96, 2 | 3 1/2 - 4 1/2 |
| Central Lead Co. | 100 | July 1901, MO | 120 -131 |
| Consol. Coal | 100 | July, 1901 1 | 14 - 15 |
| Doe Run Min. Co | 10 | July 1901, 1/2 MO | 125 -135 |
| Granite Bl-Metal | 100 | | 182 -185 |
| Hydraulic P.B. Co | 100 | June 1901, 1 | 85 - 90 |
| K. & T. Coal Co. | 100 | Feb., '99, 1 | 48 - 53 |
| Kennard Com. | 100 | Feb. 1901 A. 10 | 103 -109 |
| Kennard Pfd. | 100 | Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2 | 102 -108 |
| Laclede Gas, com. | 100 | Feb. 1901 2 p. c. | 90 - 95 |
| Laclede Gas, pfd. | 100 | June 1901 SA | 99 -101 |
| Mo. Edison Pfd. | 100 | | 53 - 55 |
| Mo. Edison com. | 100 | | 17 1/2 - 18 1/2 |
| Nat. Stock Yards | 100 | July '01 1 1/2 qy | 100 -101 |
| Schults Belting | 100 | July '01 qy 1 1/2 | 95 -100 |
| Simmons Hdwy Co. | 100 | Feb., 1901, 8 A | 168 -172 |
| Simmons do pfd. | 100 | Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA | 141 -145 |
| Simmons do 2 pfd. | 100 | Mar. 1901 4 SA | 139 -142 |
| St. Joseph L. Co. | 10 | May 1901 1 1/2 qy | 14 1/2 - 16 1/2 |
| St. L. Brew Pfd. | 10 | Jan., '00, 4 p. c. | 67 - 68 1/2 |
| St. L. Brew. Com. | 10 | Jan., '99 3 p. c. | 63 - 64 |
| St. L. Cot. Comp | 100 | Sept., '94, 4 | 5 - 25 |
| St. L. Exposit'n | 100 | Dec., '96, 2 | 2 - 4 |
| St. L. Transfer Co | 100 | July 1901, 1 qy | 72 - 75 |
| Union Dairy | 100 | Feb., '01, 1 1/2 SA | 110 -115 |
| Wiggins Fer. Co. | 100 | July '01 qy | 220 -235 |
| Westhaus Brake | 50 | June 1901, 7 1/2 | 182 -184 |
| " Coupler | | Consolidated | 54 - 55 |

indicate the approaching end of the Boer struggle in South Africa. Considering the hopelessness of their cause, it is to be wished that the heroic Boers will lay down their arms and end a pitiful tale of misery and suffering. They have fought a good fight, and lost.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There was a little more activity in the local security market in the last few days. Price changes, however, were uninteresting. Buyers seemed to be under the impression that concessions in quotations are warranted, and, consequently, a few leading issues registered moderate declines. Bank and Trust Company issues are not very much in demand at current prices. They are all selling at big prices, and have discounted further prosperity or increased dividends to a large extent. There are, however, some issues which are still attractive, especially State National, Third National, Bank of Commerce, Franklin and Jefferson Bank shares.

St. Louis Transit is a little lower, being now quoted at about 26 1/4 bid, 26 1/2 asked. Transactions in this stock were rather heavy at times. United Railways preferred is fairly steady at 80 1/4, while the 4 per cent. bonds are dull at 89 3/4.

Brewing Association 6s are still showing an improving tendency. They are selling at 96 3/4. Some investors consider them cheap at ruling rates. Kinloch Telephone 6s should sell at better prices; they are much too low at 105.

Missouri-Edison issues are quiet; the preferred is hanging around 56, and the common can be bought at 18. Laclede common is a trifle lower, but well supported.

Bank clearances are expanding again. There is a good demand for funds from the country. New York and Chicago exchange is a little higher. Sterling is firm at 4.88 1/4, while Berlin is quoted at 95 3/4, and Paris at 5.15 1/8.

FARMS GETTING SMALLER.

The basic industry of this country is agriculture. In 1890 there were 4,564,641 farms in the country. There are to-day 5,700,000 and over, showing an increase in ten years of nearly 1,140,000 farms. This increase has arisen from two causes—the settlement of government lands and the division of great farms. We used to be told, ten or fifteen years ago, that the farms were being consolidated and that the bonanza farm would be that of the future. On the contrary, since 1850 there has been a constant decrease in the average size of farms; in that year it was 203 acres; in 1890 it was 137 acres.—*World's Work.*

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

HOW FOXES GET RID OF FLEAS.

By an old hunter and naturalist of local repute a story has been told to the Baltimore *Sun* confirming as absolutely true and trustworthy the published account, which has had few believers until now, of how foxes rid themselves of fleas. The fox, according to the book narrative, backs slowly into a stream of water, with a portion of pelt of a rabbit in his mouth, after the fox has made a meal off the rabbit. The water drives the fleas first up the fox's legs and then toward his head, and finally out on the piece of rabbit fur, and the fox drops the fur, and his pests are done for.

The local hunter and naturalist referred to, strange to say, had never heard or read this story when he told of the actions of a fox which he observed the other day in the waters of the Patapsco river. The little animal, he stated, backed into the river slowly with so much deliberation that he wondered what it meant. It carried something—he did not know what—in its mouth and dropped the something when out in deep water. Then the fox hurried away. The object left floated near to the observer, and he hauled it ashore with a stick. Fleas literally swarmed through the object, which was found to be a bit of rabbit fur. The observer had a puzzling mystery explained to him.

MOSQUITOES AND CASTOR BEANS.

Mosquitoes are to be banished from the Chicago parks, if a recommendation recently made to the commissioners by Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, is carried out. All that is necessary to drive the pests away, says the professor, are castor bean plants. This discovery was made by Professor Starr while he was traveling in tropical countries. He was supposed to be studying anthropology during these travels, but the exigencies of the situation forced him for a time to study the best method of driving off the clouds of mosquitoes which made life a burden. "One night, said he, 'I was annoyed more than usual. Thousands of the little insects hummed and buzzed about me. Finally, in desperation, I tore some branches from a plant with which to brush them away. I soon found that I did not have to brush. The mosquitoes had disappeared and did not come back that night. The plant from which I had torn the branches was that of the castor bean. The next evening I again tried it, with the same success.' Professor C. M. Childs, of the department of entomology, of the University of Chicago, confirms the statements of Professor Starr. He says there is something in the castor bean plant which is antipathetic to the mosquito, but that he does not know what it is.

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CHARLES CLARK.
HARRISON I. DRUMMOND.
AUGUSTE B. EWING.
DAVID R. FRANCIS.
AUGUST GRHNER.

GEO. H. GODDARD.
S. E. HOFFMAN.
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JULIUS S. WALSH.
ROLLA WELLS.

RACING

AT DELMAR RACE TRACK

Beginning at 2:30 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

THROUGH CARS ON OLIVE STREET, SUBURBAN AND PAGE AVENUE LINES.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Beginning with the Sunday matinee, Maurice Freeman's Company will give an elaborate presentation of that much talked of drama, "Sapho". Miss Nadine Winston will essay the title role. "Sapho" should draw large audiences to the Cave.

Next week's attractions at the Highlands will be headed by the Beaux and Belles Octette. They will present all the catchy airs of "Florodora" and will doubtless prove one of the greatest vaudeville successes of the season. The "Ponies" will be retained. The Nelson Comiques and other good cards are booked for August 18th, and the ensuing week.

Manager Southwell of the Delmar, announces for next week two operas which his company has sung before. On Sunday evening next "The Wizard of the Nile" is the attraction, to run until Thursday night, when "Princess Bonnie" will be presented. Both operas were well supported by the public earlier in the season, but as Frank Moulan and Maude Lillian Berri have fine opportunities therein, better performances than the first are to be expected. The first essays of these operas this season showed "how not to do it." The coming presentations should in large measure, make up for the defects of the former. For the concluding weeks, "Boccaccio," "Falka," and one or two works of like import, are in contemplation. Popular prices for the Sunday evening attractions have proved specially remunerative.

On Thursday afternoon and evening, September 8th, there will be a benefit entertainment at Forest Park Highlands for Mrs. Emily Howard, press agent, Bert Young, treasurer, and Charles Hart, ticket agent, all efficient members of the staff at that popular resort. The lady and the gentlemen named here deserve well of the public. The benefit should be one of the old, rousing kind.

The performance at the Suburban this week is quite entertaining. Sisters Hawthorne, the headliners, do a very clever turn and are all they are represented to be. The Nelson Comiques in their pantomime acrobatic act are very funny and perform feats that are wonderful. Mayme Gehrm, the dancer is quite graceful and dances very prettily; she is also very well received. Tenley and Simonds, Irish comedians, Little Elsie, the "American Loftus," and Powell, in up-to-date magic complete a decidedly pleasing programme. The management promises a strong bill for next week.

"Caste" will be the play of the Hanley-Revold company, at Koerner's, next week. It will be put on in the best shape. The play is excellently suited to the company.

Wife (with a determined air)—"I want to see that letter." Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it. Give it to me, sir." Husband—"Here it is; it's your milliner's bill."—*Fun.*

MONTE CRISTO.

"Monte Cristo" proved a strong card this week at Koerner's. Lawrence Hanley, as Edmond Dantes, was romantic in appearance and graceful and forceful in action, carrying the climaxes to success. Jack Ravold, as Nortier, made one of his strongest hits of the season, assuming the changes with consummate ease. Lillian Kemble was winsome as Mercedes, the peasant girl, and beautiful in a gown of white satin, in the fourth act. Will Rising was excellent as Villefort, and Charles Crone, Earl Stirling, Arthur Garrells and Joe Sorreggan were well cast. Misses O'Madigan, Magrane and Bantz gave creditable performances in their respective roles.

"Em'inent foreign scientists have found out that a grasshopper's ears are in its legs."

"How did they ascertain that?"

"They put the 'hopper' on a board and tapped the board gently."

"Well?"

"The creature hopped away. Then they cut off its legs, put it on a board again, and tapped the board as before, and it didn't hop away. It couldn't hear the tap, you see."

"What a wonderful thing science is."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Hub!" exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail, "our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox.

"I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father: I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Jones has been arrested for hurling himself from an eighth-story window to the sidewalk below." "What was the charge?"

"Desecrating the flag."—*Yale Record.*

Benham—"Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?" Mrs. Benham—"She said she hadn't time to come in."—*Brooklyn Life.*

A NARROW ESCAPE: First chum—"A mad dog saved my life once." Second chum—"Rubbish! How?" First chum—"Didn't bite me."—*Tit-Bits.*

School-master—"Now, Rogers, what are you doing? Learning something?" Rogers—"No, sir; I'm listening to you, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

RACING at Kinloch

Opens August 17th.

Five or more races each day, rain or shine. The best horses in the West will compete.

Stewards—Jas. H. Rees, chairman; Wilson P. Hunt, Chas. J. McLaran. Judges—Jos. A. Murphy, E. C. Hopper. Starters—Richard Dwyer, Jacob Holtman. Clerk of the Course—Jno. B. Dillon. The betting ring open to all reputable bookmakers. Wabash trains leave Union Station at 1 o'clock, 1:30, 2:00 and 2:45. From the foot of Olive street, 1:30 and 1:55. Returning trains 4 o'clock to Forsythe Junction and to the city immediately after the last race. Suburban cars run direct to grand-stand.

ADMISSION, \$1.00.

UHRIG'S CAVE.

Evenings, 8:30 Bargain Matinees, Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

The Maurice Freeman Company
In the Strong Romantic Play

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU."

Prices, 25c, 35c and 50c. Bargain Matinees, 25c and 10c for Children. Sunday Matinee August 18—An Elaborate Revival of the Popular Play

"SAPHO"

KOERNER'S GARDEN

Twelfth Big Week of the

Lawrence Hanley John Ravold

World's Fair Stock Company

Commencing Sunday Evening, August 18.

A great production of

CASTE.

New Scenery—Beautiful Costumes.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Suburban

The Elite Resort of the city.

Beginning this week,

SISTERS HAWTHORNE.

The Most Stunning Women in Vaudeville—New Singing Acts.

NELSON COMIQUES.

Acrobats and Pantomimists—"Frolics at the Zoo."

MAYME GEHRUE.

The D 0 Months at the New York Theater.

TENLEY AND SIMONDS.

The Natural Irish Comedians.

LITTLE ELSIE.

The Famous "American Loftus."

POWELL.

New and up-to-date magic.

Matinees Daily. Admission to the Grounds Free. Reserved Seats at Thiebes-Stierlin's, 1118 Olive St.

FOREST PARK Highlands

ONLY FAMILY RESORT IN TOWN.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

The BIG PLACE, SUCCESS STARS, MATINEES.

EUGENE COWLES

The Bostonians' Famous Basso.

PONY BALLET,

From "The Casino Girl."

MAZUZ AND MAZETTE.

PROSPER TROUPE.

THE COLLINS.

Reserved seats 25c and 50c.

Admission to Grounds FREE.

THE RE-EQUIPPED

Delmar Opera Company.

Finest summer opera in the U. S.

Every eve., and Sat. Mat., Lecocq's famous

Girofle-Girofla

With Berri, Paul, Chapman, Moulan, Clarke, Gordon, Martin and other favorites in the cast.

Next Week—Two Great Delmar Successes—

First Four Evenings,

THE WIZARD OF THE NILE.

Remainder of Week,

THE PRINCESS BONNIE.

GRAND AVE. PARK

THE CHUTES.

Grand Avenue and Meramec St.

Minstrels and Vaudeville.

Cool Dancing Pavillion.

Admission to Park Free.

These Are Busy BUGGY Days.



THE BANNER BUGGY COMPANY

INVITES the attention of the public to the fact that they have erected, at the corner of Main and Rutger Streets, in this City, a Mammoth New Factory, covering almost an entire city block, and containing over 350,000 feet of floor space.

For ten years they have been doing one thing—manufacturing a light, medium-priced Top Buggy, and expect to continue to do this very thing for ten years more. Next season we expect to build over 50,000 of these Buggies, the largest number of buggies ever built by a single firm in the history of the vehicle trade.

We buy, manufacture and sell for Cash. Never Credit. Never Owe. A free-lance in the vehicle industry. Have out-distanced all competition, and, while we do not solicit any new trade—being perfectly satisfied with our present situation—at the same time we are anxious to assure our present large line of customers that with our unsurpassed facilities, our past record for prompt and satisfactory service will be fully maintained in our new quarters, and cordially invite them to visit us when in the World's Fair City.

THE BANNER BUGGY COMPANY,

RUSSELL E. GARDNER, Proprietor.

General Offices will continue to be at

BROADWAY, FOURTH AND CHOUTEAU AVENUE.

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

IT IS THE SEASON NOW TO GO.

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two and two in fairyland.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses:
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

—Robert Louis Stevedson.

TWO SARGENT PORTRAITS.

The nearest approach to a sensational success in this year's Royal Academy exhibition of pictures, in London, (according to Geraldine Bonner's sprightly correspondence in the *Argonaut*), has been made by Sargent with his portrait of the Misses Wertheimer. Some years ago Sargent painted the Wertheimer father, a portrait which made much talk and was exhibited in the two countries. It evidently pleased its subject, for this year his two daughters have been offered up as sacrifices on the Sargent altar. I heard the other day that the young ladies were at first very much pleased with the work, but now that the whole world of London is staring amazed at this too vivid presentment of the Hebraic type, they are not so well satisfied. It is good to have a great portrait made of one's self, but it is not altogether pleasing to be painted with an unearthly insight and power of revelation which quite plucks out the heart of one's mystery.

The portrait represents the two young women as standing close together, their hands lightly linked. One is very large and tall, a real daughter of Judah, richly tinted, opulent and Oriental. She is swathed rather than dressed in white satin, fastened on the shoulder with a jewel. The other girl is smaller and finer, also what might be called meaner. Her face, with the same richness of tint, hawk-like curvature of line, and jewel-like brightness of eyes, has in it that subtle and elusive yet unescapable suggestion of something rat-like and furtive which one often sees in the commoner type of Jewish faces. She wears the same sort of loose robe of crimson velvet slightly outlining a youthful figure.

But it is the revelation of race that makes this so wonderful a picture. As you come upon it you almost start, so weirdly vivid are these two rich-lipped, black-eyed, potent faces, charged with the splendid vitality of the Jew. It is so amazingly effectual that it approaches the point of satire. Could there ever have been two Jewish girls so aggressively Hebraic? Aggressive is exactly the word that fits the whole picture. It is an aggressive *tour de force* of color and char-

acterization. The passion, the power of the conquering williness of the Jew breathes from the canvas. They are a potent force, these two women, but a force by stratagem, by trained diplomacy, by skill of self-suppression. Dominance and energy lie in those brilliant, liquid eyes, and in the almost unctuous curves of the lips. The larger of the two sisters has in her that majesty, that touch of something gorgeous and remote, that certain Jewesses possess like a heritage from the Rebeccas and Rachael's, Miriam's and Jaels of a tremendous past. The younger is the Jewess in her more modern guise, her more subtle and *caline* incarnation, vivid as a piece of enameling, a face eager with inquiry, life, and enterprise. None of the other Sargents compare with this daring production. In fact, some are quite poor and give evidence of having been executed with haste and with evident lack of inspiration.

CLEVER SIMILE.

A. M. McLellan, the Scotch artist, whose "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was exhibited at the Paris exposition last summer, and whose "Coronation of Robert Bruce" is now at the entrance of the art department of the Glasgow exposition, is at present in this country, but he still keeps up an eager interest in British politics, relates the *New York Times*. When he heard the other day that at a meeting of the Liberals at the Reform club Herbert Asquith had declared to maintain his position as the spokesman of the Liberal Imperialists and had joined in supporting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he said that it reminded him of two Englishmen perambulating home from the club in the wee sma' hours. They engaged in a dispute and one of them tripped and fell.

"Say, old boy," he said, "wi-wi-will-you h-hic-help a fellar?"

"N-n-n-no," replied the other, steadying himself against the lamp-post. "I cac-c-can't help you up, b-b-but I'll lie down with you."

"And," concluded Mr. McLellan, "there's the whole history of the Reform club meeting in a nutshell."

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.



Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

IN response to demand by those who read Mr. Ernest McGaffey's sequence of seventy sonnets while they were appearing in the St. Louis MIRROR, they have been put into dainty and delightful book-form.

The editor of the MIRROR, Mr. William Marion Reedy, has, at the request of the sonneteer, written a few pages of foreword for the edition.

Of this sequence of sonnets the editor of *Current Literature*, Mr. Bayard Hale, wrote an appreciation as introduction to a selection of the verses in the April issue of that periodical. In that article Mr. Hale said the sonnets celebrate "in an almost Hellenic stateliness of phrase, with a restrained jubilation, with a vigor of robust thought cast into a rare exquisiteness of form, the tranquil delights of wedded life."

"The immemorial story has been sung by the long line of poets. The transports of passion have not waited till now for description. But—this sonnet-sequence having now reached its conclusion—we record the deliberate doubt whether the sheer peace, the simple, sane, satisfying joy of wedlock has ever found nobler expression."

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experiences of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the marvel of existence, and beyond them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature."

"But under no heavier shadows than those of reverie the mated lovers walk together through fields and woods, reviewing and accepting the earth and their own natures, loving the winds, the stars and the grasses as sharers in the 'equable ecstasy' of living, loving and being loved."

"Love may have deeper fashions. The element of tragedy may be necessary to glorify it utterly. Love may be a finer thing when it strengthens itself and loves the more because it is unrequited, because it is undeserved, because it is unavailing—gathering out of some such splendid sorrow its crown of joy. But of its serener and more desired delights we have now an expression which is, as the MIRROR declares, 'wholly sweet and reconciling.'"

Such an appreciation from such an authoritative source justifies the further assertion by another critic that no such body of original verse has been put forth in America in the last quarter of a century or more. Every one will wish to read

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

The price of the volume is \$1.25.

Address, WILLIAM MARION REEDY,

The Mirror, St. Louis.

CRAWFORD'S

Great August Sale

Stands Without a Rival, Which is Forcibly Illustrated in This Advertisement. PRICES TALK!

ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE.

Suits, Waists, Skirts and Shawls.

This always busy department will be busier than ever this week. The Summer Goods must go.

- At 25c—Schwarz & Wild's \$1.00, \$1.25 up to \$1.50 Embroidered, Tuck, Hemstitched and Pleated Shirt Waists, white and colored, take your choice for 25c.
- At 48c—Schwarz & Wild's \$1.75 up to \$2.50 Shirt Waists, white and colored, your choice 48c.
- At \$4.98—Here is the grandest bargain ever offered in ladies' up-to-date high-class Tailor-Made Suits, Eton suits, jacket suits, blouses and boleros; tans, castors, red, gray, blue and blacks, were \$12.50 up to \$18.50; your choice, \$4.98.
- At \$1.98—Pique Walking Skirts, made with a deep flounce, all tailor stitched, were \$4.50, now \$1.98.
- At \$1.50—Up-to-date Silk Shawls, heavy fringe, colors, pink, light blue and black, were \$2.50; Special Price, \$1.50.

MILLINERY.

SECOND FLOOR.

These goods must get out. See the cuts.

- Ladies' White Pique Hats, \$2.00, \$1.50, now98c, 65c
- Ladies' Untrimmed Straw Hats, \$1.25, 75c, now,25c, 10c, 5c
- Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-Wear Hats, \$2.50, \$1.75; now98c, 50c
- Misses' Untrimmed Colored Straw Hats, 98c, now19c
- Children's Fancy Shirred Chiffon Hats, \$2.00, \$2.75, now\$1.25, 98c

Lawns, Dimities, Batistes, ETC., ETC.

Now is your chance to make money.

- 100 pieces Scotch Linen-finish Lawns, fast colors, all good styles and new goods, Sale Price.....2½c
- 200 pieces fine Lawn, in stripes and colored, figured and white and colored grounds, were 15c, Sale Price.....6¼c
- 150 pieces extra fine French Colored Batiste, were 20c, Sale Price9c
- 125 pieces fine figured and stripe, colored figured Dimities, were 15c, this week6¼c

WASH GOODS.

BIG DRIVES.

- 1000 yards 24-inch Bunting, in a deep shade of cream, regular 5c quality; will close out the lot at, per yard.....1½c
- 200 pieces, 36 inches wide, Light Ground Percale, in a good variety of patterns; regular 12½c quality; will close out at, per yard.....5c

DOMESTICS. MAIN FLOOR.

Crawford's Have No Competition Here.

- 3 bales full yard wide Unbleached Muslin, made to sell at 6¼c, while they last, at per yard.....3¾c
- 2 cases Unbleached Sheeting, 2¼ yards wide, fine quality, will bleach out quickly, were 18c yard, now, per yard.....12½c
- 500 pieces Bleached Muslin, one yard wide, soft finish, no dressing, were 8½c yard, now per yard.....6¼c

LINEN.

Continuation of the Big Sale This Week!

- Table Damask, cream with red border, all linen and extra weight, 62 inches wide, were 65c a yard, now, a yard.....49c
- 375 dozen Napkins, bleached, all linen, in spot and floral designs, 21 inches square, were \$1.50 a dozen, now, a dozen\$1.19
- Table Linen, silver bleached, in several choice floral designs, heavy and all pure linen, 72 inches wide, were \$1.25 a yard, now, yard.....75c
- Table Cloths, all linen, silver bleached, 2x2 yards long, hemmed and ready for use, were \$1.89 each, now, each.....\$1.35
- Table Sets, all linen, full bleached, cloth 2x2½ yards long, with 1 dozen napkins to match, were \$5.00 a set, now, a set\$3.50
- Table Cloths, fine quality, all linen, 2x2½ yards long, were \$2.25 each, now, each.....\$1.49
- Bath Towels, extra large and heavy quality, full bleached, hemmed and not fringed, were 40c each, now, each.....25c

Big Drives in Black and Black and White Lawns, Organdies, Etc.

- Black and White Lawns, in stripes and small figures2½c
- Black Ground Lawns, with white small figures; were 15c, Sale Price.....7½c

Window and Door Screens.

Two months yet of flies and mosquitoes. So! buy now in this GRAND CUT SALE, even should you not need them until next season.

Over forty-four sizes of the Shankey Adjustable Sliding Screen has been put into four lots, so come pick your choice of any width at the same price.

- 28 and 30 inches high, your choice, any width29c
- 32 and 34 inches high, your choice, any width39c
- 36 and 38 inches high, your choice, any width49c
- 40, 42 and 44 inches high, your choice, any width59c
- Any size or make of plain door.....49c
- Any size or make of fancy door.....73c

LACE DEPARTMENT.

"To make room for New Fall Goods."

Remnants, odds and ends of Chiffons, embroidered and spangled, corded silks, fancy allover, bridal illusions, 10-4 and 12-4, from 1½ to 3 yard lengths; these goods sold at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard, choice of lot a yard25c

"We must have the room."

500 pieces mixed lot of Laces, all kinds, white, black, cream, Arabian laces and serpentine insertions, odds and ends of very fine Laces, some worth as high as 75c a yard, choice big table full at, a yard10c

Lace Beading at 2½c, 3½c, 5c, 7½c and 10c yard

Black Silk Serpentine Insertions at 7½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c a yard, no such stock to be found elsewhere.

White, Butter and Arabian Serpentine Insertions, at 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c a yard, cheapest lot lot ever offered.

HOSIERY BARGAINS.

We cleaned up from a local jobber the past week all samples and odd lots at our own price and will dispose of them at ridiculous prices.

- Ladies' Imported Fine Gauge Cotton Hose, high spliced heels and toes, some double soles, stripes, boot patterns and all black; also Children's Lace Lisle Thread, sizes 5 and 5½, were 50c and 35c, choice19c
- Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread and Fine Gauge Cotton; also Tan Lace Lisle Thread; a beautiful assortment of patterns, were 50c, choice.....35c
- Children's Imported Fine Gauge Cotton Hose, high spliced heels and toes, double knees, black and tan; also Boys' Heavy Bicycle and School Hose, were 25c, choice.....15c
- Infant's Imported Lace Sox, lisle thread and mercerized silk, black, blue, pink, red, tan and white, worth 35c, choice25c

BOYS' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

SHOES.

The time has come when we must clean up here, so here they go.

- Boys' Tan Shoes, all sizes and widths, we intend to close them all out if the price will do it. Over 1000 pairs, all soled and made with back stays, oak soles, every pair guaranteed to be worth not less than \$2.00 a pair, choice for98c
- Misses' and Children's Shoes, extended soles, neat coin toes, spring heel, all sizes and widths, kid back stays, beaded edges, made of the best selected vici kid, not a pair worth less than \$2.00, choice for.....\$1.25
- 500 pairs of Ladies' Low and High Shoes, all small sizes and widths, worth from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a pair, we won't fit these on or exchange them, but will sell them for, a pair.....48c

This Store Closes Daily at 5 p. m.—on Saturdays at 1 p. m.—until September 1st.

THE COOL NORTHERN ROUTE

TO THE SUMMER RESORTS
OF THE
NORTH, EAST AND WEST
At Very Low Excursion Rates.

All principal through trains are made up of Brand New Broad Vestibuled Observation Cafe, Reclining Chair, combination and Sleeping Cars. New Equipment finished in finest mahogany, electric lighted, and Cafe and Chair Cars are cooled by Electric Fans.

Ticket Office, Eighth and Olive.



A HIGH-CLASS OYSTER HOUSE AND RESTAURANT,
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IS **MILFORD'S**, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN
AND TWO HUNDRED
AND NINE NORTH SIXTH STREET NEAR OLIVE.

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two of the
World's
Greatest
Artists.

But for the noble contri-
bution of the world's greatest artists this
book could not have been manufactured for
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The Fund created is divided equally be-
tween the family of the late Eugene Field
and the Fund for the building of a monu-
ment to the memory of the beloved poet of
childhood. Address

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Mention the MIRROR, as Adv. is inserted as
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In the operating department of the "Alton Road" are
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calculated to secure absolute safety to passengers and
freight. Fidelity, promptness, and accuracy are re-
warded by the merit system, the result being that one
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Boston by Ocean Steamer.

One Way Tickets St. Louis to Boston via
Old Point Comfort and Ocean Steamer,
\$25.50, meals and berth on steamer
included. 48 hours on the ocean. Good
to stop off at White Sul-
phur Springs and Old
Point Comfort.



**New York and Return
\$38.50**

PROBABLY ON SALE UNTIL, OCTOBER 1ST.

ROUTE OF TICKET.

C. & O. Ry. Through the Alleghany Moun-
tains to Old Point Comfort on
the Seashore.

OCEAN STEAMER Old Point to New York.
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